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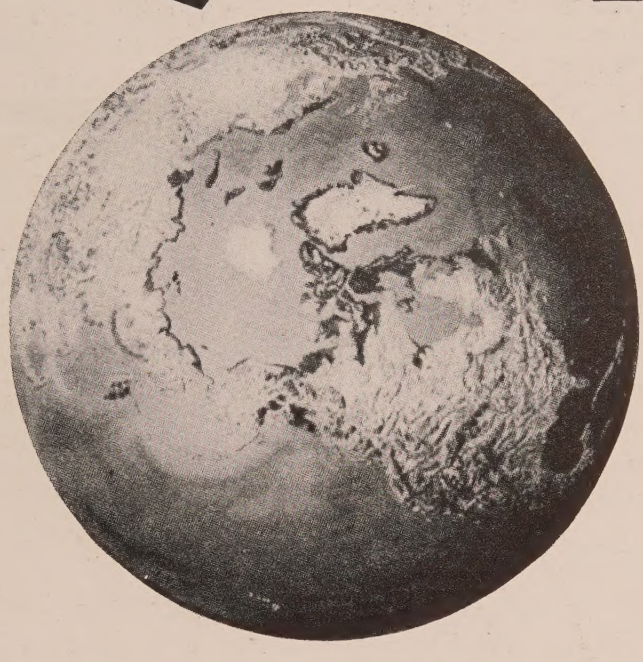

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Give and Take

George of England

Vancouver, B. C.—Far from being a nincompoop, George VI is not only a gentleman of fine moral and intellectual caliber, but a sound student of international affairs, loyal to his thankless job. It is one of the stupidities of humankind to exalt glamor and personal magnetism over intelligence and character. George VI lacks the charm of his brother Edward, but he has mentality and a deep sense of duty.

He is what the British expect in a king: he lives quietly; he does not consort with international social climbers inimical to the monarchy and the nation. He is married to a lady of quality and definite lineage. It was not necessary for Elizabeth Bowes Lyons to purchase a pedigree. Anyone who has observed the indecent haste with which the aristocracy of America strives to secure a family tree will appreciate the point.

Had Edward's choice rested on any of the worthy ladies of good family in the United States, the whole British Commonwealth would have united in acclaiming her. British peoples wanted a king, not a dictator.—*A. J. D. Wilson*

Down with lotteries!

New York, N. Y.—Your article on a government lottery evokes the comment that federal administration of public funds is fearfully wasteful and inefficient.

Aside from any question of public morale, a government lottery would be merely another opportunity for waste, extravagance, jobs for the favored, and

corruption. Any private lottery would degenerate into a crooked scheme, as have those of the past.—*John S. Sumner, secretary, New York Society for the Suppression of Vice*

In defense of Edward

Lincoln, Nebr.—It was not enough that Edward, who would have made England's greatest king, must be exiled by intolerant groups. The aristocracy of England feared that he would curb their ancient rule, put money in the pockets of the destitute, and make the British crown a power in affairs of state.

This antagonism camouflaged itself as moral opposition to a matrimonial alliance which was Edward's own affair. It was made to appear that a throne once occupied by Henry VIII, "Bloody Mary," the intolerant James, and insane George III would be sullied.

Yet when Edward prepared to come to America he met the most ungracious gesture from the leaders of the very class he wanted to help—the laborers. Where is the tolerance of American labor?—*John F. DeFord*

Socialized medicine

New York, N. Y.—In your news note on "socialized medicine" I fail to see any reference to the real point at issue. Is the problem one of economics alone? Is every physician endowed with some miraculous power to eradicate illness, so that we need only employ a sufficient number of physicians? Or is the maintenance of health essentially a problem of right thinking and right living?

Should we not consider the limitations of medical practice and its possibilities of impairing health if it is made a political issue with too much attention centered on making sensational medical discoveries?

Relief for the indigent should not be confused with proposals to supply government medical care to persons able to employ their own practitioner. Medical practice should not be confused with public health work, which is largely a problem of sanitary engineering.—*H. B. Anderson, secretary, Citizens' Medical Reference Bureau*

A doctor prefers anonymity

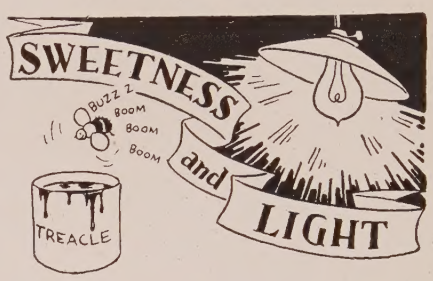
Chillicothe, Mo.—The layman cannot appreciate the Herculean courage of the delegates among the 430 internationally known physicians who dared to express themselves in contradiction to the brain trust of the American Medical Association. Only such medical authorities can afford liberal self-expression. Had indiscretion been exercised by the less prominent, they would have been struck by the slashing pen of their high priest and editor.

It is pathetic to find the federal government dormant to so vital a problem as control of the health of its citizens. Would it not be wise to create a federal Secretary of Medical Education, to supervise higher education and medical aid for the indigent?

The voice of 430 physicians is defiance to the small group of medical dictators drunk with power.—*Doctor*

Back to "Literary"

Phoenix, Ariz.—Three rousing, rollicking cheers! I am delighted to know that you are returning to the good old name which



has meant so much to us for many years.

Every time I picked up *The Digest* in recent months I have had a sort of a feeling of loneliness, because there seemed to be something missing. Congratulations. —*Amos A. Betts*

Speaking for Portugal

New York, N. Y.—I am replying to Arthur Pound's article, "Portugal's Choice." The Portuguese government will not sell or lease a single parcel of her colonial empire. Neither the Portuguese constitution nor the Portuguese conscience would allow such a bargain.

What Portugal has done in Africa in road, port, and railway construction compares most favorably with the achievements of other colonial nations. More than 50 million francs were spent to improve the port of Lobito. More than 10 million dollars were spent on Lourenço Marques. Our railroad lines in Angola and Mozambique are larger than those of the French African empire, larger than those operating in the Belgian Congo, Italian colonies, Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia. Angola and Mozambique have 58,000 kilometers of good roads.

Against the charge that Portugal dropped her close connections with Great Britain, casting her lot with Franco, Germany, and Italy, I quote the Premier of Portugal, Dr. Oliveira Salazar (last July): "We by no means neglect the most valuable item of our external policy, which is the age-old friendship with Great Britain. Much of what we intend to do aims at tightening that bond."

The inference that the army is inadequate and evades fighting is best answered by a letter of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg on the battle of Lys: "The German attack found the Portuguese in positions disadvantageous to them. Considering the difficult circumstances, both Portuguese troops and officers fought bravely." Portugal sent to France 54,000 men, to

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Africa 34,600, who with 19,500 natives, fought the common foe. Our losses in killed and wounded were 35,622.

If we cannot boast the powerful fleet of the great powers, we can feel proud that all our naval units are not obsolete but brand new. They form one of the glories of Premier Salazar in his naval reform, giving the nation a first contingent of fourteen new warships. Part of these were built in England.

The population of Portugal and her colonies is 15,000,000 and not 10,000,000. Dr. Salazar, the Premier, is a former professor of finance and economics and not of mathematics. Of the article, only the photographs stand out as authentic.—*Victor E. Verdades de Faria, consul general of Portugal*

More about Portugal

Taunton, Mass.—Arthur Pound's article on Portugal injures the patriotic feelings of Portuguese people. I am a political exile from Portugal. Twice during the democratic regime I was Minister of Education, and once speaker for the lower branch of the Portuguese Congress. I am uncompromisingly opposed to the present dictatorship.

The Portuguese army and navy occupied our vast colonies in a series of campaigns which won the admiration of all military experts.

Equally gallant is the record of the Portuguese expeditionary force in France during the Great War, as proclaimed not only by the English and French but by the German general staff. The most courageous naval action of the Great War was the engagement, off the Azores, of a German submarine by a small and antiquated Portuguese gunboat, which, though victorious, went down with its men.

Our Anglo-Portuguese alliance is the oldest pact in existence between two nations. Often our allies have proved the wrong kind of friends, as they are today, in their unwise support of a fascist dictatorship against the will of the Portuguese people. Similarly they pay lip service to nonintervention in Spain while supporting Franco with money, buying from rebel-held territory far more than normal peace time purchases. By maneuvering fanatic minorities, England succeeded, during the last century, in wrecking both Portugal and Spain, and in wrenching good profits from the spoils.

As colonists, the Portuguese are second to none. They have created in Africa one of the most humane advances of modern civilization. Seeded with justice, the colonies constitute a truly civilized region where substitution of the racial madness of the German or the violent appropriation of land by the Italian would be a crime against humanity.

The Portuguese people are not fascists. After twelve years of violent domination, the dictatorship has no alternative but to keep the Portuguese subdued under armed occupation—as if the army and navy were invaders.—*J. Camoesas, M.D.*

A farmer praises Wallace

Hardin, Mont.—Secretary Wallace, in his plan for an ever-normal granary, is attempting to do the wise thing for both consumer and producer. The AAA was the fairest piece of legislation ever attempted for the agricultural producer. It was the first attempt made by any administration in years to give the farmer tariff equality.

Our family experience in farming, for 57 years, has convinced us that all the farmer needs is tariff equality. If we can make tariffs on the crops consumed in the United States the same as on any manufactured product, we do not need farm relief.—*Thomas D. Campbell, president, Campbell Farming Corporation*

Carry over the surplus

Philadelphia, Pa.—It is desirable to use the carry-over of nonperishable crops in good years to make up the shortage in bad years.

Variations in the past have been made up by exports in good years, by imports in bad years. This would be sufficient if international trade were free of restrictions and barriers.

Secretary Wallace's plan is particularly applicable to corn, since this is not normally an export crop, most corn being consumed as feed on the farm.—*Arthur H. Jenkins, editor, Farm Journal*

Literary
DIGEST

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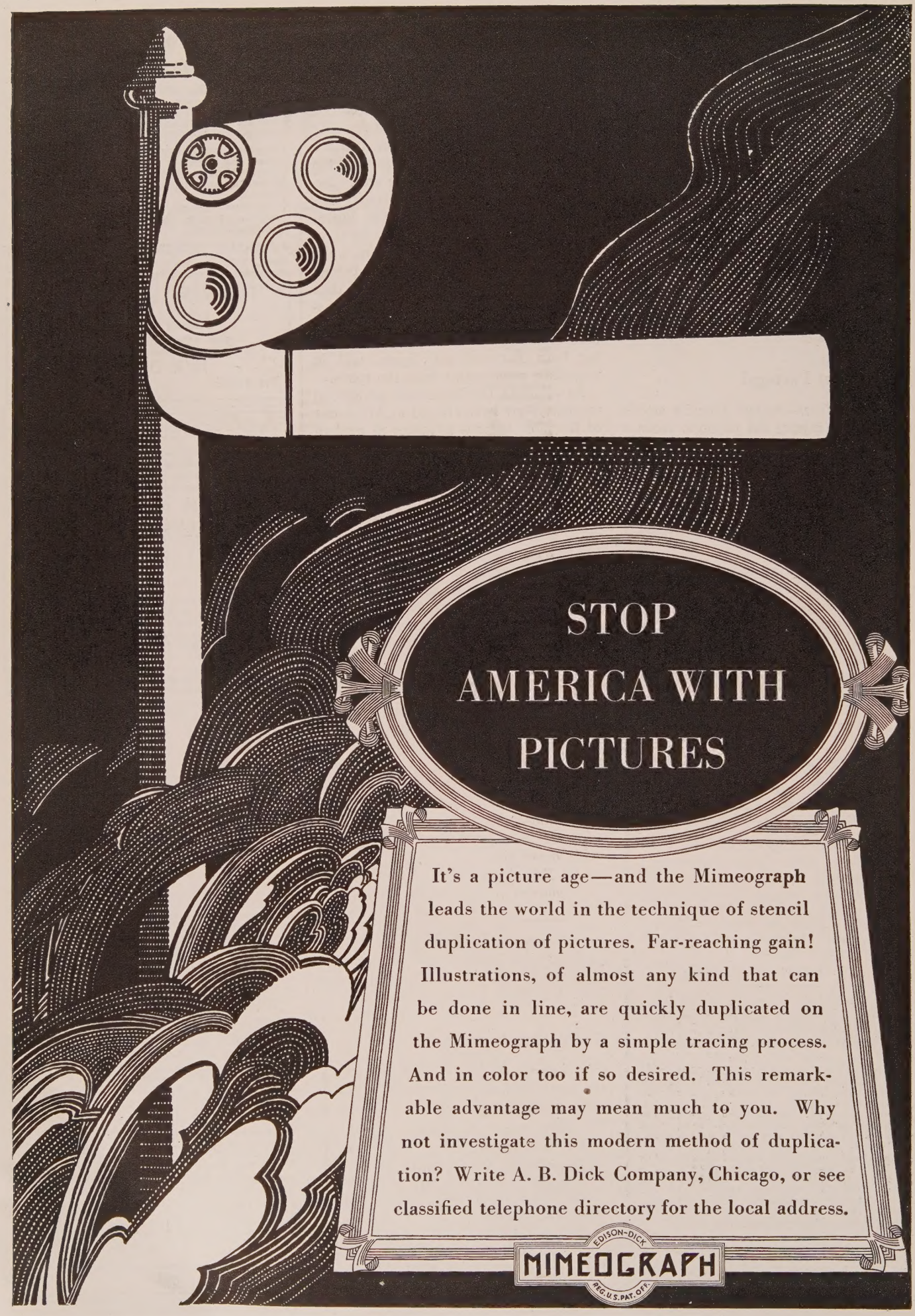
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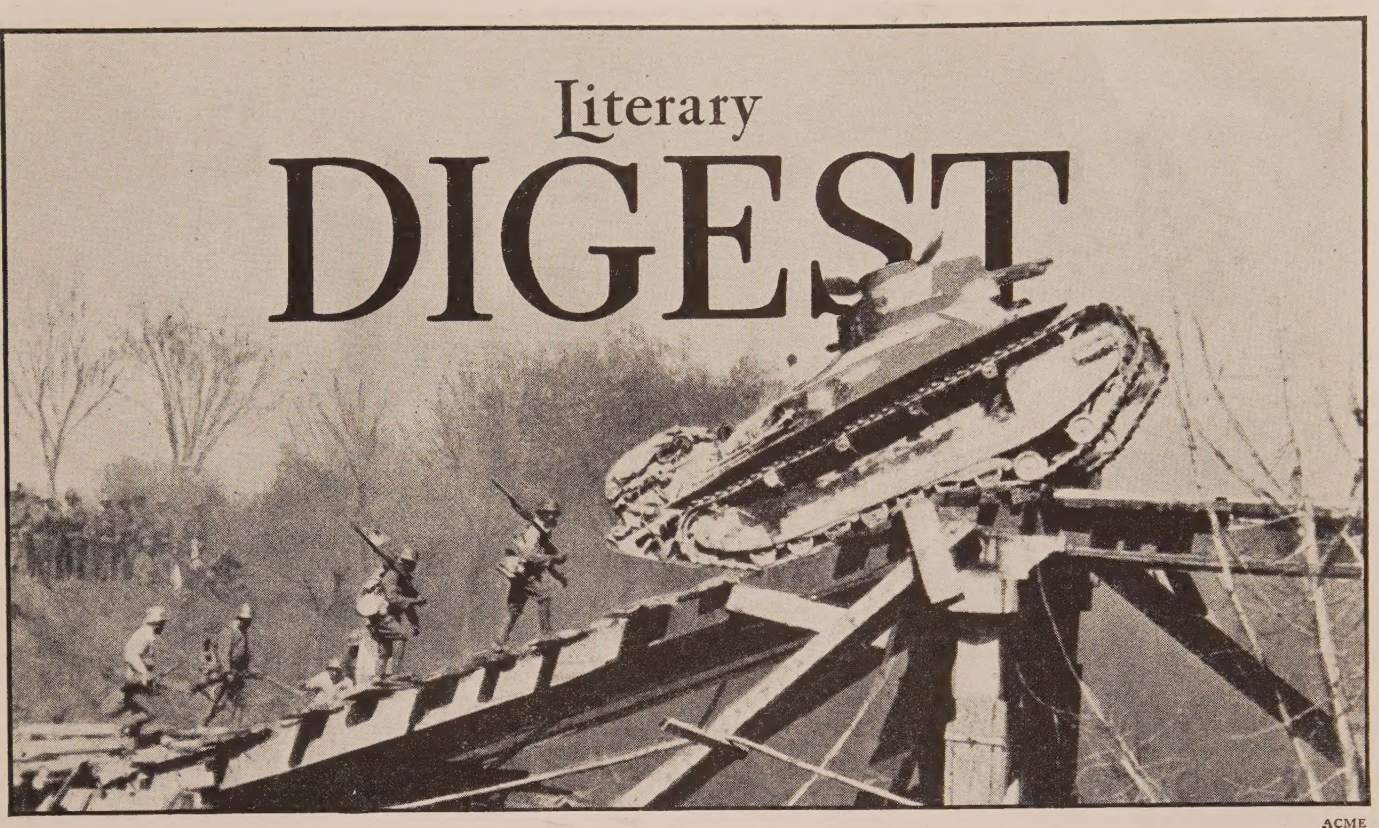

ACME

IRRESISTIBLY JAPAN ADVANCES through China. Led by a tank, these Japanese troops cross a half-ruined bridge near Lunghwa-chen on the Shanghai-Nanking line

Story of a Week

TWO YEARS AGO, in the dead of night, Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh stole aboard the freighter *American Importer* and sailed away to England. There, at the foot of wooded hills in the village of Weald, they found a cozy, half-timbered homestead. They moved in, lived simply and were undisturbed.

"They came here to escape the glare of publicity which America's grimmest tragedy directed upon them," said the London *Sunday Referee*. "They are the most popular people in Weald. Everyone has a friendly nod for the boyish, hatless figure of Lindy and there is always a nod and smile in return. Most evenings he comes along the street with his letters. The other day he drove to the local garage to change a tire. 'I'll jack her up myself,' he told the garage man, and he did. Mrs. Lindbergh shops in the village. Sometimes she brings Jon and buys him sweets. Detectives? No, there is no need for them."

THE LINDBERGHS at home

A FEW WEEKS AGO Lindbergh and his wife left their peaceful home in the English hills and boarded the *President Harding*, bound for New York.

Wearing tinted glasses, they arrived ten days ago as "Mr. and Mrs. Gregory." They slipped down the third-class gangway, boarded a freight elevator to the pier and ran into a startled news photographer. Escaping in a little tan car, they were whisked to the Englewood, N. J., estate of Mrs. Lindbergh's mother. Before the gates were closed behind them radio and telegraph had flashed news of their arrival. Soon roads leading to the estate were blocked by hundreds of autos.

The Lindberghs, according to the New York *Journal and American*, remained in seclusion "with barbed wire strung across the drives and an extra quota of guards strolling the grounds to keep out the curious." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* noted that "reporters and camera men flocked to the estate but were not permitted to pass the entrance," while a New York *Post* reporter observed that "the gate guard stopped and minutely inspected a fish truck which brought some food for the Lindbergh larder."

"The Lindberghs," said the Right Rev. S. C. Carpenter of England, a companion of the Colonel on shipboard, "enjoy England very much—very much indeed."

BIG STICK for monopolies

IN HIS MESSAGE to the special session of Congress, which convened last month, President Roosevelt stressed the need of checking the "growing concentration of economic control" and monopo-

THIS WEEK

Cover design in candid color by Maxwell Frederic Coplan

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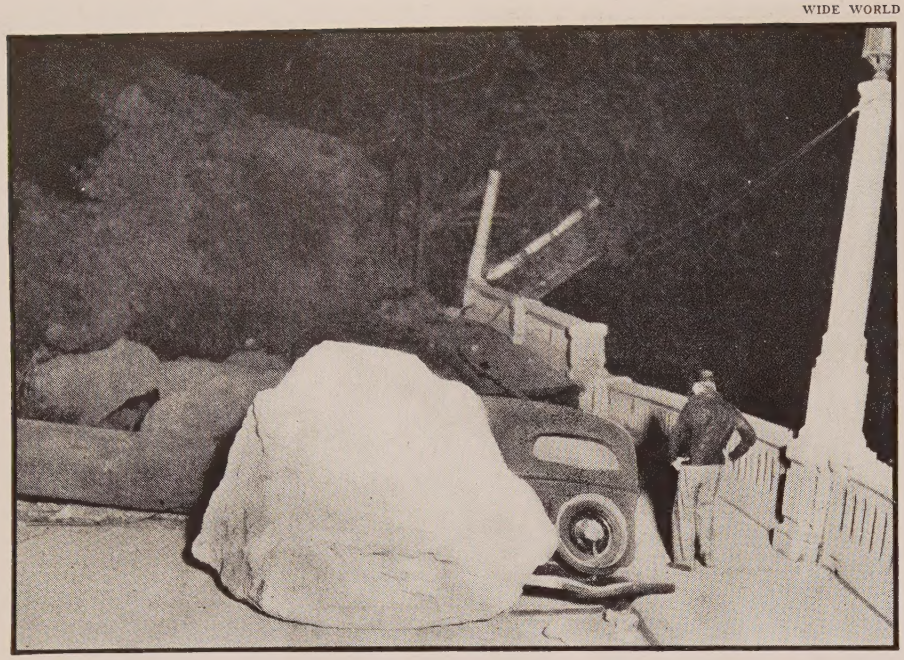


MOVING MOUNTAIN: A million tons of earth and boulders broke loose from the Elysian Park bluff in Los Angeles recently, and crashed down across Riverside Drive, the Dayton Avenue Bridge, and the dry bed of the Los Angeles River. Another inch, and this car on the bridge would have been matchwood

listic practices "which persist today in spite of anti-trust statutes."

Some days ago, a bill pooling the long-cherished ideas, not necessarily of the administration, but of Senators Borah (Rep.) of Idaho and O'Mahoney (Dem.) of Wyoming on this subject was submitted to the Senate. It proposes drastic regulation of large corporations. Through an enlarged Federal Trade Commission, it requires federal licenses for all corporations engaged in interstate commerce, forbids child labor, protects labor's collective bargaining rights and prevents wage discrimination against women.

One startling section provides that surplus profits be distributed among employees unless it can be established that such profits "are needed for corporate purposes and may be so expended without endangering the minimum wage standards and maximum hours established by virtue of this act."

Introduction of the bill brought from Congress quick but mixed reactions, expressed in several statements made by Senators to the LITERARY DIGEST.

Senator Austin (Rep.) of Vermont told the LITERARY DIGEST that, while the bill "might be a very meritorious measure, I am not in favor of any change in our form of government," even if accomplished by legislation that otherwise has "a worthy objective."

Senator Moore (Dem.) of New Jersey said the bill "probably would take $4,000,000 annually out of New Jersey. Corporations need relief—not new burdens."

Senator King (Dem.) of Utah saw an invasion of states' rights. "I'm opposed to it," he said. "Regulation of corporations is within the province of the states. They can deny them the right to exist, allow them to exist or regulate them to the necessary degree. This is just another bitter assault on states' rights by those who are making the Constitution's interstate commerce clause a weapon to broaden the power of the federal government and render helpless the 48 state governments."

Senator Clark (Dem.) of Missouri, sympathetic, says that "possibly it is the most efficacious way to fight monopoly."

And Senator Copeland (Dem.) of New York thought there was "a certain virtue in this bill, but great care should be exercised to avoid unfairness."

"The latest wave of anti-trust actions probably will cause no material alarm in trade association circles," observed the New York *Journal of Commerce*. But the *Christian Science Monitor* warned that "business men who really believe in capitalism can do more to avoid a planned economy by refraining from monopoly" than by questioning the motives of those attacking it.

HELP for fish

A FEW DAYS AGO, while Congress dawdled over the farm bill, anti-monopoly legislation, and other minor matters, a group of determined men sat in a smoke-filled room at Wellesley, Massachusetts, and grappled with the real problem that besets the nation: Is the round fish bowl a menace to the health and intellectual development of the goldfish?

"Curved aquaria make the goldfish dizzy physically and lopsided mentally," they told the press after their meeting. To save the goldfish from mass neurasthenia, they announced formation of the Association for the Abolition of the Round Fish Bowl.

Fred Orsinger, director of the Bureau of Fisheries Aquarium in Washington, promptly endorsed the objectives of the new association. "I don't know how the curved aquaria affect the goldfish," he told an Associated Press reporter, "but I do know they make me cross-eyed. Globular bowls are distressing to folks who want to see both sides of a fish and don't have all day to spend at it. Try to walk around a round bowl. Why, the fish'll follow you and all you see is the side toward the outside of the bowl."

"Why don't you pick up the bowl and turn it around?" the reporter asked. "Just try it," retorted Mr. Orsinger. "The bowl turns and the fish stands still."

William H. Felt, writing in the Hartford *Courant,* belittled the hazards of round fish bowls. "Who ever heard of a fish going cuckoo in a round bowl!" Rectangular bowls are better, he conceded, but only because water plants can be grown in the corner. For best results he recommended a mirror at the side of the bowl. "It would reduce the number of fish required and give them an imaginary companionship. It would be cheaper, too, if the dealer didn't charge too much for the mirror."

The Chicago *Daily News* didn't wonder that the goldfish's eternal "circumnatatorial exercise" made it giddy and inhibited straight thinking, but feared nothing could be done about it. "Years ago," said the *Daily News,* "a goldfish sympathizer lifted his finned beauties from their circular bowl and dropped them in the ocean of the bathtub. Alas! They continued to swim in circles."

BUSINESS—as it was

LAST WEEK, Secretary of Commerce Roper delivered his annual report to the President on the health of the country's business. Covering the fiscal year July, 1936, through June, 1937, it showed a pleasant picture.

During that period, the country's national income touched $68,700,000,000, which is a smart $9,000,000,000 boost over 1936. Although part of the gain resulted from higher prices, the greater portion came from increases in such items as industrial production, agricultural income, employment and pay rolls, construction, retail trade, foreign trade, and railroad operating revenues.

On the debit side of the ledger, Mr. Roper reported the loss of 26,000,000 man days within the fiscal year as a result of strikes. But, he said: "The attention which these strikes attracted should not lead one to give them too much weight in an appraisal of their direct effect on general production and distribution activity. The average number of workers involved in strikes from January through June was about 1 per cent

PEGGY DUFFY

PROFESSIONAL LOBBYING is not confined to Washington. Representative Alfred N. Phillips, Jr., of Connecticut brought this sign with him to the capital from his office as Mayor of Stamford, where he had found it essential

of the total non-agricultural workers during the period, and the average loss of time was only about one-third of a month for each worker involved."

On January 1, Secretary Roper will report to the President on the state of business for the calendar year 1937. His report then will show a far less pleasant picture, for the reason everyone knows: since last summer there has been a marked decline in business.

FLOUTED free press?

"THE TRUE STORY of Weirton or the best show of the year—go to Weirton. What a comedy! What a tragedy! What a colossal burlesque staged with taxpayers' money! What a curse to democracy! What a lot of expensive Wagner Act nonsense! What a silly waste!"

With these words Hartley W. Barclay, editor of the Conover-Mast publication *Mill and Factory,* began an article in his October issue and drew the wrath of the National Labor Relations Board.

The article described a NLRB hearing last September at New Cumberland, West Virginia, on the charge of violation of the Wagner Labor Relations Act by the Weirton Steel Company. Accusing the Board of prejudice in favor of the C.I.O., Mr. Barclay declared that "many townspeople fear the activities of the NLRB combination with the C.I.O. so greatly that they compare it to the celebrated OGPU (Russian secret police)."

Last week, the NLRB served Barclay with a subpoena demanding "all available information concerning the source and preparation of the article." Infringement of freedom of the press immediately was charged. In Washington, Charles Fahy, general counsel to the NLRB, denied these charges. He said he merely wanted to find out whether the Weirton article was a "paid ad." Mr. Barclay, however, refused to appear for the trial at Steubenville, Ohio, last week, contending that the Wagner Act gave the Board "no authority to stifle criticism."

Editors and columnists took up the cry for and against Barclay's stand.

"On the surface," said David Lawrence in his syndicated column, "it looks as if the NLRB has infringed on the freedom of the press. The purpose of the subpoena, however, was not to discuss the merit of the article, but its distribution. Thus, it will not be damaging to the magazine editor to tell whether or not reprints of his articles were sent of his own free will to the Weirton employees, but it would be damaging to the cause of the Weirton company if it were testified that the literature was ordered distributed in reprint form by the company."

The Washington *Post*: "Very likely the article was a highly biased attempt to discredit the NLRB.

"But that is beside the point. Freedom of the press includes the right to express even distorted opinions."

The *Daily Worker* (Communist): "But what a howl Mr. Barclay is letting out about freedom of the press! Freedom to spill dirty insinuations about a government body without having to answer for it, is what he means."

Raymond Clapper in the New York *World-Telegram*: "This case is just what the critics of the pending Wages-and-Hours bill have been looking for. They were prepared to argue that such things could happen.

"Now they are in a position to say that they are happening."

WILDFLOWERS in the G.O.P.

PIONEERING with Wildflowers, written by a Vermont nurseryman, is "dedicated to Peter Rabbit in the hope that flattery will accomplish what traps and guns have failed to do and that the little rascal will let our plants alone from this time on."

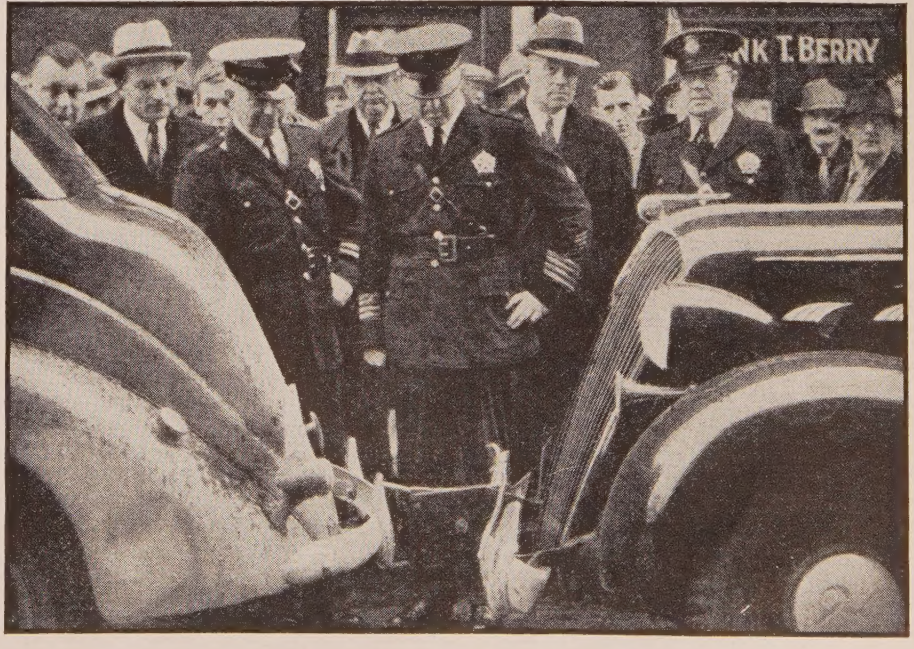
Nowadays the nurseryman has 500 acres on which he raises berries and wildflowers and keeps a herd of Jersey cows. He got his start at the age of 20 by borrowing $100, and now, at 45, has the biggest raspberry patch in New England. This "pleasant, ruddy-faced, grayish-thatched" farmer, says the Boston *Herald,* is "an apostle of moderation, of independence, of the good old-fashioned, sturdy, American way of life."

Last week the lover of wildflowers upset the Republican party. In an open letter to the Republican National Committee, signed George D. Aiken, Governor of Vermont, he declared that the G.O.P. is in a "nearly complete state of demoralization" and demanded that the committee "purge" itself of reactionaries. He insisted that the "baneful influence" of committeemen from the solidly Democratic South be eliminated by allotting to each a "vote equal to the proportion which the Republican vote in his state bore to the total vote in that state."

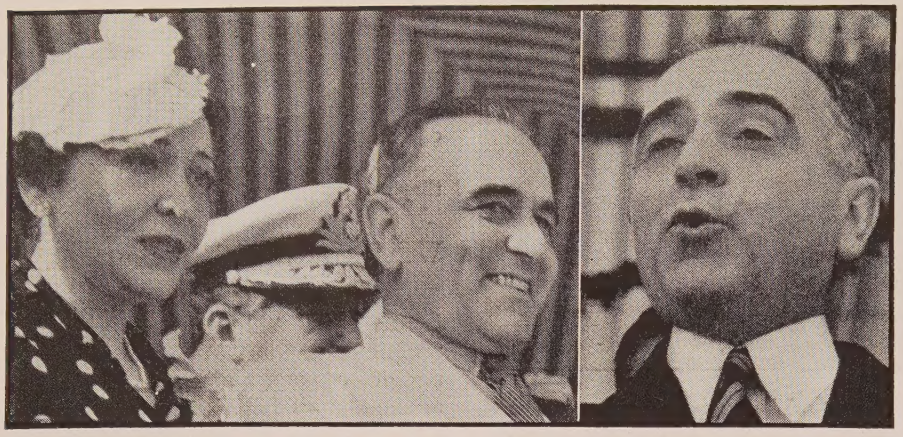
"We have become a party of old men,"

SLOWING DOWN speeding automobiles without forcing them to the curb is possible by means of a new device for police cars which acts like a coupling. The police car hooks itself to the offender's automobile, then pays out a steel cable which may be gradually drawn in, forcing the car ahead to a stop

UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL—SOIBELMAN



EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR



DICTATOR of a country larger than the United States, Getulio Vargas, President of Brazil, is a small, stocky, home-loving family man who likes the movies. He is seen here with his wife and speaking over the radio, which he uses to carry his eloquent voice to all parts of his vast nation. Information on and reactions to Vargas' recent coup may be found in the November 27 issue of the LITERARY DIGEST

he remarked. "Unless we can become a party of and for young men, . . . the party will die." The Grand Old Party, he declared, must become the "grand new party." Otherwise even Vermont, the only state which has voted for all Republican presidential candidates since Lincoln, will go Democratic. Asked by the Rutland (Vt.) *Herald* whether, if his demands were refused, Vermont would lead in forming a third party, he answered "Yes."

He proposed "immediate preparation of an affirmative program"—acceptance of the Democratic party's social aims, opposition to enormous expenditures as a political expedient, encouragement of the farmer in self-support, defense of states' rights, and preservation of the independence of the courts.

As the Republican National Committee prepared to meet in St. Louis this week, debate over Governor Aiken's proposals (see box below) ran through Republican ranks like wildfire.

"LITTLE FLOWER" and Dewey

WHILE Republican leaders were debating Governor Aiken's plea, they also were watching two of the party's white hopes in New York: Fiorello (Little Flower) H. LaGuardia and Thomas E. Dewey, district attorney-elect of New York County, and famous hunter and jailer of the city's racketeers.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA, first mentioned by William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette,* as "the one man in the United States meeting the requirements of the Republican party in its quest for a leader," acknowledged the compliment in New York the other evening. Facing the editor at the 25th anniversary dinner of Survey Associates, publishers of *Survey Graphic,* he said: "We have a man of unusual discernment and judgment here tonight. His name is William Allen White. He said I was good."

During the week it was learned that the doughty little Mayor, alternately Republican and Socialist, had registered under the emblem of the American Labor party at the city election last month. The switch immediately caused speculation on his future political affiliations. It prompted the Baltimore *Sun* to predict that "he is getting ready to lead a third party in 1940." LaGuardia himself recently told R. G. Sucher, of the North American Newspaper Alliance, that if the two major parties slip back to reactionary leadership, "they will split their following, a new party will be inevitable by 1940 and it will walk in."

MR. DEWEY, in a campaign speech in October, had charged that Albert Marinelli, powerful Tammany leader and County Clerk, was the "political ally" of big-shot racketeers. Following the election, civic bodies asked Governor Lehman to remove the accused leader. The Governor asked Dewey for evidence. A sworn statement was on his desk within a few days. Marinelli resigned without answering the charges, another victory was chalked up for Dewey and talk about his political future was renewed. "It is no secret that he entertains an ambition to be Governor of New York," Karl Helm

CURRENT OPINION: Governor Aiken's "purge" plan debated by prominent Republicans

I AGREE with Governor Aiken. Republican leadership and principles should be liberalized and humanized within the confines of the Constitution and our American system of government. . . . If we do not purge the Republican party of the stranglehold of reactionary elements, we won't even carry Maine and Vermont in 1940. If [we do] . . . the Republican party will sweep the nation." —*Representative Hamilton Fish (New York)**

Governor Aiken's remarks show an extraordinary ignorance of Southern politics, and he has evidently been grossly misinformed concerning Southern committeemen. They have faithfully worked with the National Committee and made every effort to build up a strong Republican party in the South. —*Joseph W. Tolbert (Republican National Committeeman, South Carolina)**

The Southern committeemen of the Republican party do not exert a baneful influence in the councils of the party. —*John F. Harris (Republican National Committeeman, Florida)**

His expressions sound to me like the discordant screech of a political mockingbird out of tune.—*John E. Jackson (Republican National Committeeman, Louisiana)**

His words are an unmerited reproach to the many Republicans of the South who are not baneful but are loyal Americans who believe in and support Republican principles. — *Wallace Townsend (Republican National Committeeman, Arkansas)**

I see the need of new faces, ambitions and ideals in the Republican National Committee.—*Lewis O. Barrows (Governor of Maine)*

Governor Aiken's proposals reflect an increasing, impatient demand for immediate national action to curb the Roosevelt drift toward dictatorship. With this aim I am in complete accord. But any project to change the representation of the states on the Republican National Committee can be determined only by the national convention. Any step toward a regional organization of the party would be rejected promptly by the nation. . . . The urgent needs of this hour are not to be accomplished by "purges" or name-calling.—*Representative Bertrand H. Snell, (New York, House Minority Leader)**

In the Republican party today we have too many critics of the Republican party. If men of the type of Governor Aiken would turn their guns on the common enemy instead of on their own comrades at arms, there would be more hope of Republican success.—*R. B. Creager (Republican National Committeeman, Texas)**

*** Telegraphed to the LITERARY DIGEST.**

C.I.O. IN NEW JERSEY: Is Mayor Hague justified in his treatment of Lewis organizers?

Pro:

Jersey City residents who are reading about the tactics of the "lie-down" strikers in New York must be in hearty accord with the determination of Mayor Hague to keep Jersey City free of such performances. There is a reassuring word from the mayor: "It will never happen while I am mayor of Jersey City." More power to his determination.—*Jersey Journal (Jersey City)*

There was no disposition to railroad the "invaders" to jail, but they were out to "make a case," and virtually compelled the police to make arrests. —*Hudson Dispatch (Union City)*

Mayor Hague is only living up to what is demanded of him when he meets this threat firmly and courageously. Jersey City wants no ganging-up against its satisfied workers and peace-loving population, and the sooner the C.I.O. agitators from out of town realize this the better it will be for them.—*Jersey Observer (Hoboken)*

Con:

Systematic repression of labor unions in Jersey City under Hague's orders has been continuous for years. It is precisely this misuse of the law by law-enforcers that breeds labor disorders and makes labor suspicious of all efforts to regulate its activities.—*Camden Courier-Post*

In carrying on this campaign, C.I.O. is fighting for the legal rights of genuine trade unions everywhere. Mayor Hague has been carrying on open warfare against the C.I.O. in Jersey City, banning meetings, illegally arresting union organizers, and prohibiting peaceful picketing, with the avowed intention of making Jersey City an open-shop paradise.—*Lee Pressman, General Counsel of the C.I.O.*

There couldn't have been a better demonstration of the need of organization for progressive politics in New Jersey.—*The Advance (Amalgamated Clothing Workers publication)*

wrote in the New York *Post;* but Dewey went on with his work, calling all talk about him for Governor or President a "pipe dream."

EMBATTLED Mr. Straus

SINCE taking office as administrator of the United States Housing Authority last month, Nathan Straus has had a series of battles.

The first started when he called a conference to work out details of the $526,000,000 housing program authorized by the Wagner-Steagall Act passed last August. Irked by Mr. Straus's proposal to defer until January consideration of applications for housing projects, Mayor LaGuardia telegraphed him that "no official of New York City will attend any conference except a hearing of a concrete application. . . . Discontinue stargazing conferences and get down to considering applications." Mr. Straus wired back: "New York City is not the only city in the country." As the controversy raged, Langdon Post, chairman of the New York City Housing Authority, resigned and charged Mayor LaGuardia with trying to "dominate and control the authority."

Last week, Mr. Straus's battles shifted to a Senate committee room. Senator Vandenberg of Michigan questioned his eligibility to serve as federal administrator because of personal interest in a housing development in New York City, but was satisfied when Mr. Straus explained. The committee confirmed Mr. Straus's nomination and he went back to his job.

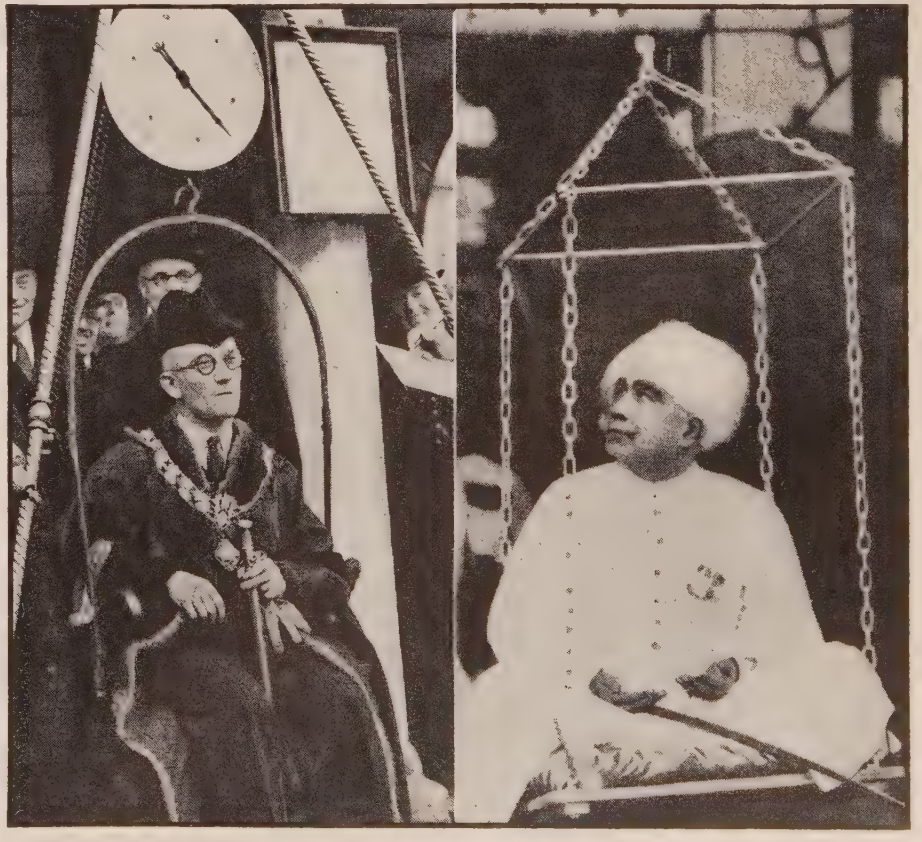
LABOR WAR in Jersey

"FOR THE PAST 150 years the people of New Jersey have been ruthlessly exploited by political machines financed by tory interests and maintained for their benefit. The economic and political enslavement of the people of New Jersey has reached an unbearable stage with the advent to power of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City and Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey."

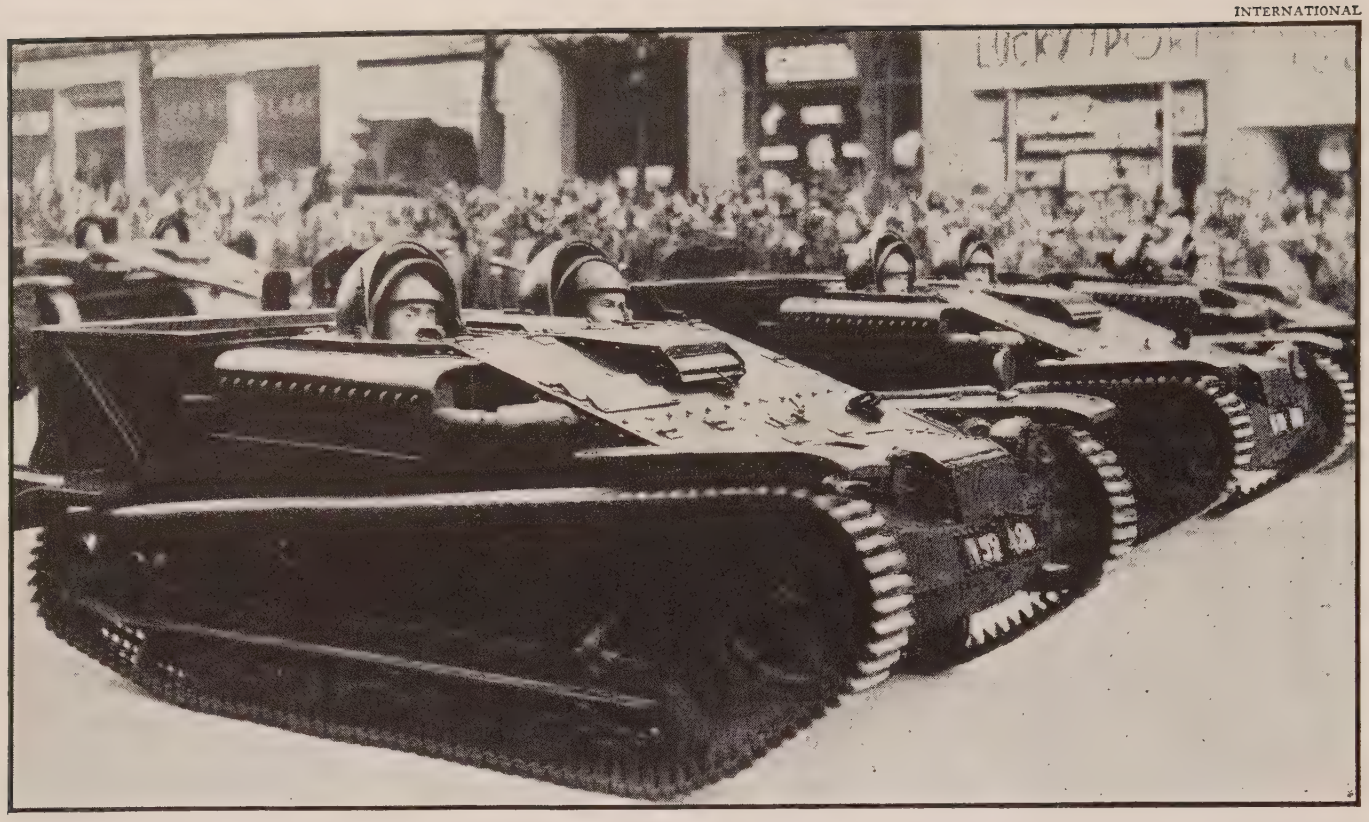
With this proclamation last week, delegates from 164 New Jersey labor unions, called together by Labor's Non-Partisan League and claiming to represent 150,000 workers, formed the Farmer-Labor Party of New Jersey. The C.I.O. thus extended its fight against Hague, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, entering his third decade as mayor of the state's second city.

For months, the C.I.O. has been battling the Mayor's open-shop policies, which in the past two years have helped attract to his city 200 new companies, employing between 15,000 and 20,000 workers. In the past year Hague has drastically curbed the right to picket, outlawed the closed shop, and last week broke up the city's first sit-down strike. The other day sixty C.I.O. organizers moved into Jersey City to distribute circulars urging workers to join their union. Police promptly escorted most of the organizers out of town, arrested six

INTERNATIONAL



WEIGHING IN the new Mayor of Wycombe, England, is an ancient ceremony. At the left, Councillor A. J. Gibbs takes office. At the right the Maharajah of Bikaner, India, in celebration of his fiftieth year on the throne, gave to charity his weight in gold—approximately $113,000



MORE TANKS FOR FRANCE, asks War Minister Daladier, announcing that the output of arms in French munitions plants next year will double that of 1936; and the Chamber of Deputies has unanimously approved for 1938 an increase of $46,000,000 over the war budget of 1937

for unlawful assembly, and jailed seven for distributing circulars without a permit.

Fuming at this latest development in Mayor Hague's city as "fascist," the C.I.O. announced it would sue in federal courts "so that Jersey City may once again take its place among cities of the United States."

William J. Carney, New Jersey director of the C.I.O., charged violation of the constitutional guaranties of free speech and assembly, the Bergen (N. J.) *Record* reported. "We were given the most illegal and terroristic greeting . . . that the C.I.O. has received in any part of the country," he said. "But we refuse to be intimidated."

Hague supporters called the C.I.O. members communists. "We want to protect the workers of this city against such men as Carney," the Newark *Ledger* quoted Lewis Hansen, counsel for Jersey City, as saying. "We don't want the C.I.O. here."

"I'd like to tell Carney to keep out with his violence and his C.I.O. hoodlums," declared Anthony Botti, Jersey City Police Recorder. "This court is determined not to have in Jersey City the violence which occurred in Detroit, Akron and Maryland."

CONVERSATIONS in Europe

SOME DAYS AGO, Lord Halifax of the British cabinet went to Germany to confer with Hitler. A few days later, this trip was followed by the visit of Premier Chautemps and Foreign Minister Delbos of France to London, where they had diplomatic conversations with Premier Chamberlain and his associates.

Last week M. Delbos, returned from London, was off on a 17-day trip into Central Europe to confer with European allies of France: Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Romania, and Poland. The Czechs, Yugoslavs, and Romanians are bound together in the Little Entente, while Romania and Poland have a separate alliance of long standing. Czechoslovakia has a minority of 3½ million Germans—a quarter of her total population—a fact which has tended to cause serious friction between herself and next-door Germany.

Apparently no one knows exactly what has been taking place in this series of diplomatic conferences, but journalists everywhere are speculating on its substance and significance.

In France, Pertinax of the *Echo de Paris* declares that "Delbos has been given instructions to advise the Czechoslovak government to grant pro-nazi Germans in its territory the widest possible concessions in order to deprive Hitler of any excuse for aggression." But the semi-official Paris *Temps* warned the German Fuehrer that "no foreign interference of any kind can be tolerated" in regard to Czechoslovakia's German minority.

P. J. Philip, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times,* tended to agree with Pertinax, saying: "In Prague [Czechoslovakia] especially, the French Foreign Minister can now be counted on to use all his influence in favor of a modification of the Czechoslovak constitution that would give some satisfaction to the German minority there."

In the New York *Herald Tribune,* Walter Lippmann championed the "threatened" Czechs as follows: "Czechoslovakia is not Ethiopia. It is not Manchukuo. . . . To treat it as if it were a chattel to be handed about by the imperial states would horrify the world and stultify every pretension made by the British and French for the last twenty years. They do not dare to abandon Czechoslovakia."

Meanwhile, the Associated Press wired from Paris that "Delbos hopes to get a new promise from Poland, Romania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia of faithfulness to their alliances with France."

And meanwhile French War Minister Daladier told the Chamber of Deputies that "our armed forces are ready, and able, to keep all our obligations."

FUROR over the *Times*

THE press of all Europe reverberated last week to a leading editorial in an American newspaper, the conservative New York *Times,* powerful of voice in both national and international affairs.

The *Times* had ascribed the recent collapse of the Nine-Power Conference in Brussels on the Sino-Japanese war to the fact that "isolationists and pacifists in Congress" caused the United States to lose "its leadership in world affairs."

Asserting that "treaty-breaking governments and dictators" have "become convinced that for no cause short of actual invasion will the United States join in

any effective movement to assure world peace," the *Times* called upon our statesmen to take a stand with the other democracies against the enemies of peace. "The sure shadow of economic starvation," it declared, "can be made effective as a deterrent without resort to the substance of sanctions or war."

"A very interesting editorial," remarked Secretary of State Hull, but it drew sharp fire in European capitals:

GERMANY — The *Nachtausgabe*: "The New York *Times* knows very well that Germany, Italy and Japan have no military aggressive designs against any states. Behind this lurks the whole lying agitation, which, coming from Jewish-Bolshevist sources, is current in the United States, that the policy of Italy, Germany and Japan is an aggressive design against the welfare of other countries. It can only be hoped that the White House will regard the New York *Times* article as not only 'very interesting,' but 'very dangerous.' "

The *Tageblatt*: "That high moral considerations frequently end in the United States in the most extreme brutality is part of the natural law of the puritanical spirit. But that this morality ends where better business begins is being whistled by the sparrows from all the rooftops in the world."

Neueste Nachrichten: "The *Times* editorial is an attempt to invoke the world's most villainous weapon—a hunger blockade. Let America beware of interfering in things which, the second time, will scarcely end with tremendous war profits."

ITALY—*Il Tevere* (organ of Fascism's extreme wing): "History does not teach so-called democracies anything. It appears that a common spiritual language is spoken by countries which call themselves democratic and in this language should be drawn up agreements destined to defend democracies against the attacks of powers known as authoritarian. The American paper's thesis is not strange, but very strange and ill-chosen is the moment for formulating it. The powers have only just returned from Brussels with irrefutable proof that no common language exists for democracies. . . . Threats of economic aggression will have no other result but to deepen the gulf which divides some nations and multiply the dangers of war."

ENGLAND — Yorkshire *Post*: "The views of the New York *Times* may be well ahead of popular feeling, but they will find an echo in influential quarters inside the administration and out. Everything depends on what is to be accepted as an 'American interest.' World peace is struggling to enter that category."

JAPAN at Nanking

"JAPAN," declared a recent editorial in Mussolini's newspaper, *Il Popolo d' Italia*, "is changing the geographical map in the Far East. Anyone who thinks differently has taken the wrong bearings."

Last week the Far Eastern map changed dramatically as Japanese armies stormed their way into the suburbs of Nanking, capital of modern China, while Chiang Kai-shek, Chinese dictator and commander-in-chief, fled by airplane. Nanking, with a population of half a million, is a Yangtze River port more than a hundred miles inland from the sea. It has been called one of the world's three neatest capitals—Washington, D. C., and Ankara, Turkey, being the other two. The fall of Nanking followed that of Shanghai in November.

At Nanking the Japanese captured the country home of General Chiang Kai-shek and the $3,000,000 tomb of the Chinese "George Washington," Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Since Dr. Sun was the founding father of modern China, the capture of his tomb was symbolic. It is described by the Associated Press as "one of the world's most impressive monuments, set on a slope of the famous Purple Mountain . . . the shrine of modern China."

General Chiang was formerly the secretary of Dr. Sun, and the celebrated pair married sisters. Together they planned the nationalist revolution of 1926, directed against Chinese conservatives and foreign capitalists, with its spectacular march from Canton to Nanking. But Dr. Sun died prematurely in 1925, and General Chiang carried on with their plan to unite all of China in one strong central government. At Nanking he buried his middle-aged tutor. Now, Japan seizes the mammoth tomb which, to the Chinese, symbolizes their aspiration for independence from the modern machinations of "foreign devils."

SHIFT in Alberta

SINCE 1935 the Canadian wheat province of Alberta, population 750,000, has been under the domination of a Social Credit regime — a group whose avowed aim was to turn the state into a large profit-sharing corporation in which adults would receive an income from the Alberta government. Some $25 a month, per adult, was the original figure intended—but, so far, not realized.

Recently an Alberta by-election, to fill a vacancy in the state legislature, was won for an anti-Social Credit candidate by a vote of 4 to 3. Canadian political wiseacres considered this electoral shift significant.

"The by-election," said the Canadian Press, "was the first test of Premier William Aberhart's Social Credit administration at the polls since the 1935 election in which a United Farmers government was ousted. . . . The victorious Dr. Campbell, 65-year-old physician, was supported by Conservatives, Liberals, and some United Farmers and Peoples' League representatives"—in short, by an anti-Social Credit coalition.

The Social Credit Premier, Aberhart, took the reverse philosophically. "Vote us out," he said, "if you don't want us."

SHAKE-UP in an army

"THANK GOD we are under the command of a proper soldier and shall not be shot sitting!" says old Sir Ian Hamilton, British army hero of the World War's Dardanelles campaign.

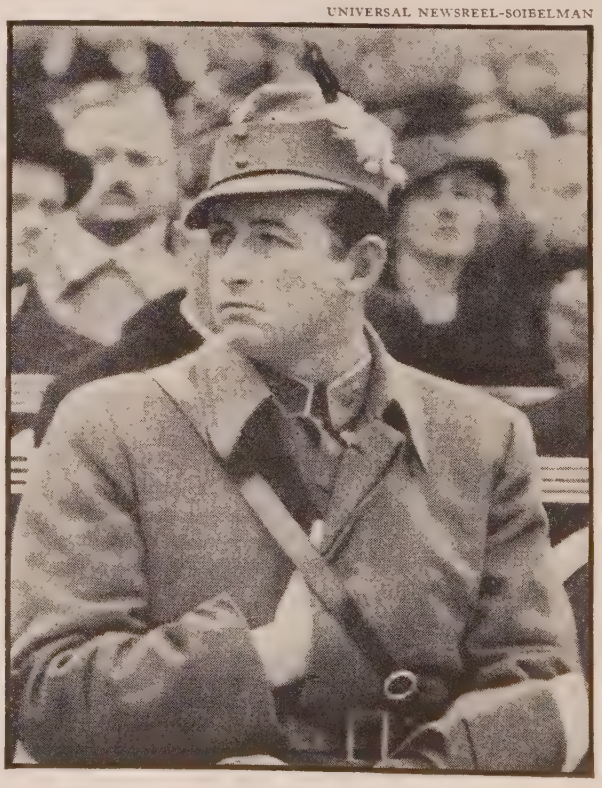
The "proper soldier" is Major General Viscount Gort, 51, made chief of the Imperial General Staff a few days ago in what the London *Daily Express* described as "probably the most revolutionary change the British War Office has ever known."

Viscount Gort, sixth to bear his title, attended Harrow and Sandhurst, England's "West Point." Nicknamed "Tiger," he won the Victoria Cross in the War.

The average age of the British Army Council—ten men—has been reduced from 63 to 52 by sweeping replacements.

FORMER LEADER of the Austrian Heimwehr, Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, who before his retirement in 1936 was Vice-Chancellor of Austria, married on December 2, Nora Gregor, popular actress and the mother of his four-year-old son. His supporters predict that the handsome prince will soon make a political comeback

UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL-SOIBELMAN



INTERNATIONAL

A YOUNG VISITOR from Yugoslavia has his first look at America as two-year-old Jano Turchan, snugly wrapped in his mother's shawl, eyes with some astonishment the skyline of New York. Yugoslavia's annual quota of immigrants to the United States is 835, but only 291 were admitted last year

As B. H. Liddell Hart, famous military critic of the London *Times* declared, "For the first time since the World War those at the helm are in the prime of life and young enough to be part of the generation which bore the brunt of the War. . . . To the army itself, these far-reaching steps may well carry new hope."

Further, the aristocratic British army is to be democratized by an increase in pay, and by opening the officer caste to all classes of the population. Promotion will be by merit, rather than by seniority as heretofore, and, on the Napoleonic theory, every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack.

This shake-up, shattering the army traditions of tradition-loving England, is all due to an audacious 39-year-old. War Secretary—Leslie Hore-Belisha, who says he is unmarried because he never could find a girl who cooked well enough to suit him. The British army is now short 1000 officers and 12,000 recruits, a serious circumstance to the British, who, fearing the possibility of war in the near future, are now engaged in a gigantic rearmament program to prepare for it.

Hence, Belisha has been making army life attractive in order to attract young men: extra meals, extra pay, extra time off, abolition of kitchen duty, permission to wear false teeth and glasses, admission of married men, and so on.

Educated in Paris, Heidelberg, and Oxford, Belisha is a born organizer and salesman. By profession, he is a lawyer and a journalist. He entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1923, becoming Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1932. Two years later he was appointed Minister of Transport, where, with his usual good-natured cajolery, he did a remarkable job of straightening out London's tangled transport problems, and tried to deal with England's grim annual toll of 5000 deaths on country roads in motor accidents.

Writing in the London *Herald,* Harold Laski, one of England's outstanding authors and political economists, says of him: "Hore-Belisha will not be a shrinking violet under any circumstances. In his present position he will not fail if activity can make success. A little in the Oxford manner, he is a young man of real gifts. He has a pleasant personality, and knows that the kind of bustling activity he displays keeps a man on the front page of the papers." His bustling activity in reorganizing the British army is keeping him in the headlines all over the world.

SANJAK of Alexandretta

THERE IS a new free state in the world. in Syria. A few days ago the High Commissioner of the Syrian mandate, which France received from Turkey at the close of the World War, proclaimed before local sheiks that the Sanjak of Alexandretta had become a home-rule area under a decision of the League of Nations, for the League is the guardian angel of colonial mandates under French, British, or British-dominion sway.

"The Sanjak," wired the Associated Press, "is composed of the districts of Antioch, Alexandretta, and Kirikhan, in northwestern Syria. The High Commissioner said that a committee named by the League already had begun work, and would organize and control elections for the Sanjak's parliament."

In January, 1937, there was threat of war between France and Turkey over this area. Turkish troops mobilized on France's Syrian frontier, for many Sanjak inhabitants are Turkish and they resented Franco-Syrian rule. The League of Nations arbitrated, and the new Sanjak freedom is the result, including separation from Syria proper. In three years, by 1940, Syria herself will become politically independent of France. The neighboring British mandate of Arab Iraq became independent in 1932.

PEOPLE of a week

Marriages—*Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg,* former Austrian Vice-Chancellor, creator of the outlawed pro-Italian fascist Heimwehr (Home Guard), and *Nora Gregor,* Viennese actress. Last week the prince obtained from the ecclesiastical courts an annulment, by mutual consent, of his marriage to his first wife, Countess Marie Elisabeth von Salm-Reifferscheidt-Raitz. They were married in 1928. . . . *Lady Elizabeth Percy,* daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland and one of Queen Elizabeth's coronation train bearers, and the *Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale,* eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton. The marriage unites two of Great Britain's most distinguished families. . . . *Miss Charlotte Dean,* daughter of James Dean, Sacramento, California, City Manager, and *Robert Dollar, 2d,* grandson of the late Captain Robert Dollar, founder of the Dollar Steamship Line. . . . *Miss Beverly Macfadden,* daughter of Bernarr Macfadden, New York publisher, and *Roland Hebert,* Holyoke, Massachusetts, drug executive.

Appointments—*Sir Harold MacMichael,* Governor of Tanganyika Territory, British Africa, as British High Commissioner of Palestine, succeeding Sir Arthur Wauchope, who retires in February. . . . The *Duke of Aosta,* cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, recently named Viceroy of Ethiopia, as general of the air fleet, the highest rank in the Italian Air Force. . . . *Joseph R. Jackson,* of New York, assistant attorney general in charge of customs, as an associate judge of the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals.

Adoption—By *Mrs. Muriel McCormick Hubbard,* granddaughter of the late John D. Rockefeller, a four-year-old girl. The child, adopted from an institution in the East, stands in a position to succeed to shares of the fortunes of two of America's wealthiest families.

Deaths—The *Tashi Lama,* 54, exiled spiritual leader of Tibet, whose death leaves the mysterious "Forbidden Land" without either of the Grand Lamas who exercised a divided spiritual and temporal absolutism over the mid-Asiatic country of 3,000,000 people. . . . *Viscount Prosper Poullet,* 69, former Prime Minister (1925) of Belgium. . . . *Giles W. Mead,* 71, industrialist, one of the three founders of the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation. . . . *James O. McKinsey,* 48, chairman of the board of Marshall Field & Co.

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM NEWSPHOTOS

TWO PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING

MAINE—Senator Frederick Hale, Republican, born in Michigan, product of Groton and Harvard, has been rather quiet during his twenty years as a lawyer member of the Senate

NEW YORK—Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat, is ardently pro-labor, sponsoring the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Act and housing legislation

MASSACHUSETTS—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., Republican, youthful and resourceful grandson of Henry Cabot Lodge, is a Republican hope since his defeat of Curley

Congress, Which Way?

Ever since Congress convened on November 15, the press of the country has debated the question of whether or not the national legislature has reached a turning point in its relations with the Executive—whether or not it will, or should, assert a greater independence of the Executive. The LITERARY DIGEST *has asked various members of Congress for their opinions on the question. These reactions appear in the following symposium, along with typical opinions from the press:*

HERETOFORE Congress has been disposed to shift with the President, and now that is less likely to happen. This is one of the most important changes in the Washington situation. Even if the President should revert to his accusing tone about business and finance, and imply still further reforms to check budding recovery, that will not be so important as it has been. Economic America will be less sensitive to every admonitory word uttered by Mr. Roosevelt.—*Arthur Krock in New York Times.*

A representative democracy such as ours, if it is to continue successful, must find Congress operating and asserting at times its complete independence of the administrative office. I do not mean that there should be lack of coöperation between Congress and the President, but I do mean that Congress should avoid anything resembling a dictatorship if our splendid form of government is to survive.—*Gerald P. Nye, Senator from North Dakota.*

Congress should assert its independence at all times. But an independent Congress under the modern party system is an iridescent dream. The cry under every administration, Republican or Democratic, is "stand by the President." According to orthodox party rules, the independent in Congress is marked for slaughter and rarely does he escape. If we want an independent Congress, we shall have to break down or modify greatly that blind partisanship which places party first and nation second.—*William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho.*

TEXAS—Vice President John N. Garner, Democrat, presides over the Senate, grows pecans, loves hunting and fishing, goes early to bed

WIDE WORLD

It is well to remember that Congress will not necessarily become a wise and deliberative body merely by throwing away its rubber stamp.—*Washington Post.*

This newly evidenced independence is in wholesome contrast with the attitude of subserviency to presidential wishes shown by scores of legislators in the last two or three years. The fiscal situation, the feverish exchanges, the slump in business, have all contributed to a situation at Washington which Mr. Roosevelt may find difficulty in controlling. The obvious inclination of Congressmen to enact needful legislation, regardless of what the administration may think, is an encouraging circumstance.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

I shall not be convinced there has been a change in sentiment toward Mr. Roosevelt until the legislation before us is voted upon. Last session men on the Democratic side voted favorably on the legislation they criticized privately. However, there is a rising tide of public indignation against the administration that may be reflected in more independent action.—*Daniel A. Reed, Representative from New York.*

The big campaign funds are generally on the side of conservatism, and now that the government's "free-spending" program has been hamstrung, it is hard for a Congressman to see his way to election day unless he goes along with organized business sentiment. On the other

PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING

ALABAMA—Senator Dixie Graves, Democrat, was appointed by her husband, Governor of Alabama, to succeed Hugo L. Black. She opposes the anti-lynching bill

VIRGINIA—Senator Carter Glass, Democrat, is the Grand Old Man of the Senate. He is a master of philippic, is frequently in violent opposition to F.D.R.'s financial policies

WEST VIRGINIA—Senator Rush D. Holt, Democrat, still known as the "boy Senator" (having been elected before he was 30), is exceedingly articulate and strongly anti-Roosevelt

SOUTH CAROLINA—Senator James F. Byrnes, Democrat, prominent in executive reorganization activities, ranks high among Senate leaders

hand, reëlection requires a majority of the votes and majority opinion is still strongly on the side of a policy of action and still warmly sympathetic toward President Roosevelt. Caught between these two pincers, what wonder that Congress is uneasy, resentful, and rebellious? —*Jay Franklin in New York Post.*

In the present absence of a grave emergency the tendency of Congress is to become more independent of the Chief Executive. I believe the trend will continue.—*Carl A. Hatch, Senator from New Mexico.*

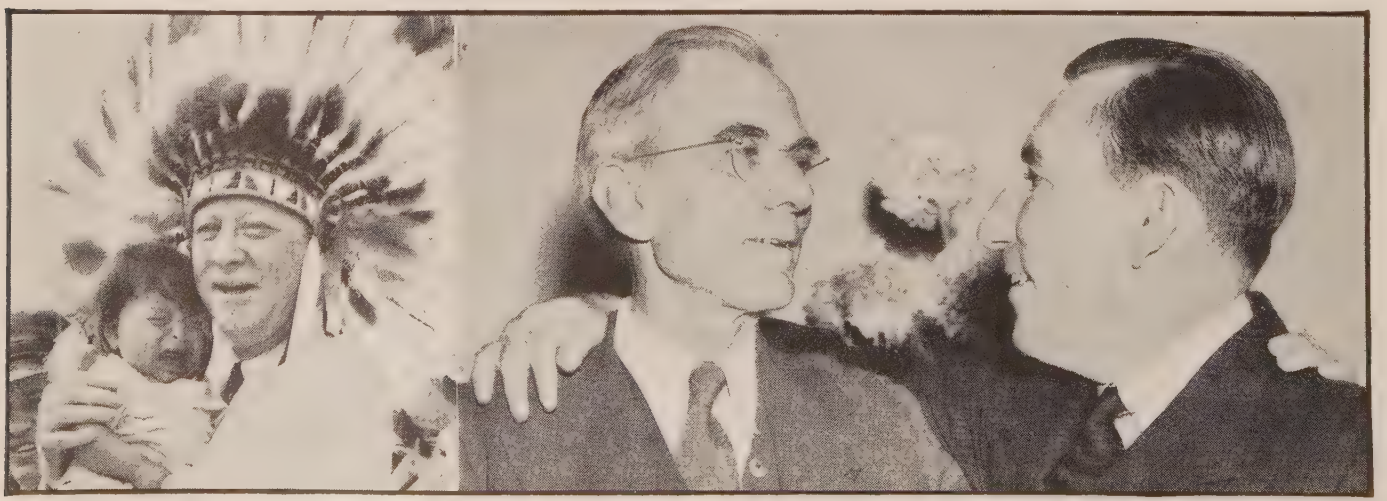
During the depression, pressure forced Congress to act on a specific line of legislation without permitting members to study and deliberate. That pressure no longer exists because the emergency has disappeared. Congress always has been independent, and the impression that it is subservient to Mr. Roosevelt is a myth. Figures show that he has had more vetoes overridden than the majority of presidents.—*Elbert D. Thomas, Senator from Utah.*

Congress has its chance now—an opportunity to restore itself to its ancient position of power and authority. Senators and representatives will find in the Constitution all the evidence that they need that ours was intended to be a government representative of the people and not of bureaucracy.—*New York Sun.*

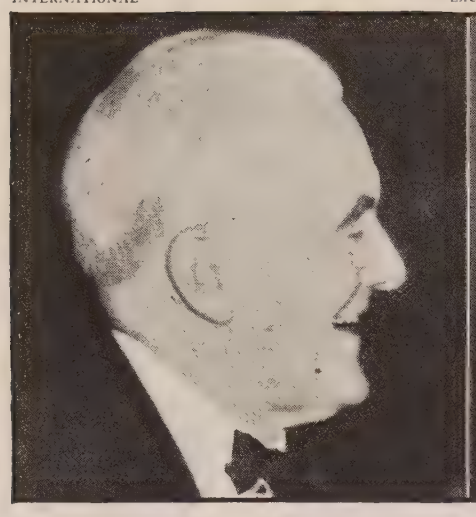
Whether Congress will or should assert its independence of the President depends on the direction which Congress may take. If Congress should strive to outspend the President and increase the deficit, the answer is "no." If Congress undertakes to free the American economic system from New Deal shackles which cause the present recession and threaten future collapse, the answer is "yes." The

NORTH CAROLINA—Senator Robert R. Reynolds, Democrat, is an adopted Sioux Indian and author of several books of travel

FLORIDA—Senator C. O. Andrews and Senator Claude Pepper, Democrats both, were elected in 1936, having succeeded Senators Park Trammell and Duncan U. Fletcher, respectively, both of whom died last year. It is too soon to predict the activities of these newcomers

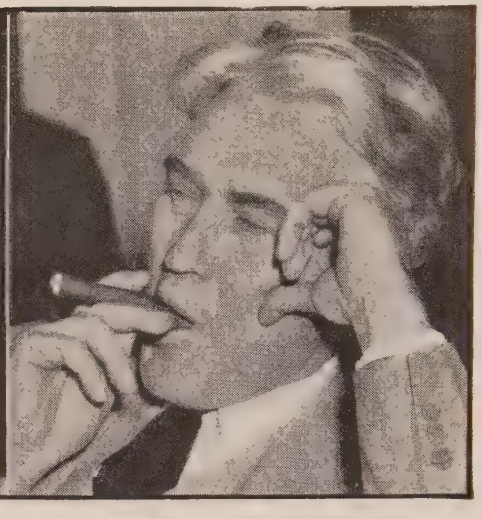


INTERNATIONAL EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM NEWSPHOTOS TWO PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING



NEBRASKA—Senator George W. Norris, Independent, is a veteran liberal who is universally revered. Father of the TVA, his monument is the Norris Dam in Tennessee

KENTUCKY—Senator Alben W. Barkley, Democrat, succeeded the late Senator Robinson as Majority Leader. He was keynoter at both Democratic conventions that nominated Roosevelt



MINNESOTA—Senator Henrik Shipstead, Farmer-Laborite, is a liberal and a New Dealer. He has been in the Senate since 1922, and is a dentist. His words, though few, carry weight

United States would be saved from many plagues by an independent Congress exhibiting the courage and good sense calculated to restore confidence among our people.—*Frederick Steiwer, Senator from Oregon.*

We will see more independence this session than last.—*Charles McNary, Senator from Oregon.*

Scene: a Broadway restaurant

Dick: I bet President Roosyfell hates to have a toothache and Congress around him at the same time. One is tough enough without the other. Them Congressmen are always talking and who wants to hear any talking when they gotta toothache? I don't even want to see anybody when I gotta toothache.

Harry: A toothache makes a guy feel mean. It makes you hate everybody. I wonder who President Roozuhfelt hates while he's got a toothache!

Dick: Maybe them Congressmen.

Tom: Oh, President Roseveldt wooden hate nobody.

Harry: Why not? Is he any different from anybody else with a toothache?

Dick: He could hate them Congressmen, couldn't he?—*Damon Runyon in New York Daily Mirror.*

It is unquestionably true that Congress is more independent of Mr. Roosevelt than it was. The emergency of the depression has passed, and Congress can go along as the Constitution said it should —doing the legislating, with the President doing the administrative end.—*Prentiss Brown, Senator from Michigan.*

It is clear that Mr. Roosevelt feared a strong Congressional revolt. Some Congressmen are open opponents of the administration; some are masquerading as friends. Mr. Roosevelt may believe that Congress, if it fails to check the down-

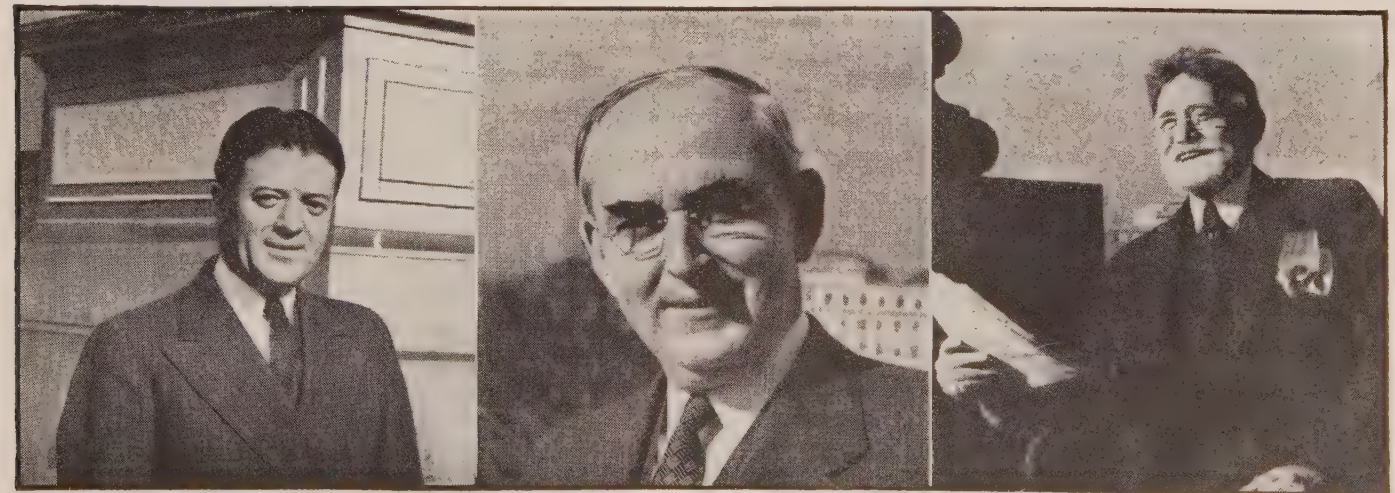
INDIANA—Senator Sherman Minton, Democrat, is a confirmed New Dealer. He is solidly back of Roosevelt and fought with him for court revision

WISCONSIN—Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Progressive, is the son of "Fighting Bob" La Follette, and lives up to his father's nickname

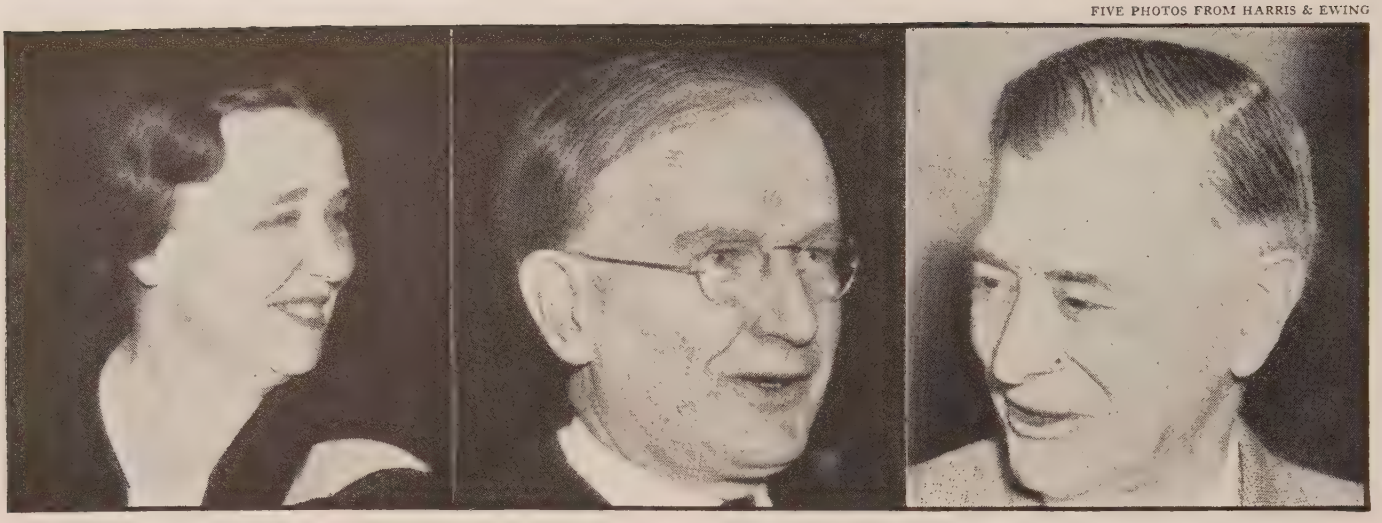
MICHIGAN—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican, speaks of a coalition party in 1940. Gossip makes him Republican presidential nominee

ILLINOIS—Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, is a dressy gentleman with pink whiskers. As Democratic whip he "minds" the "boys"

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY MORRILL CODY



FIVE PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING



ARKANSAS—Senator Hattie W. Caraway, Democrat, was appointed in 1931 and elected the following January to fill the vacancy caused by her husband's death

MONTANA—Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat, lean and lanky scrapper, headed the enemies of the court plan. In 1924, he was Progressive candidate for Vice President

NEVADA—Senator Key Pittman, Democrat, heads the Foreign Relations Committee, and favors Roosevelt's neutrality policies. He is the Senate's president pro tem

ward spiral of employment by an appeal to business, will once more turn to him for rescue. But neither Congress nor the country will turn for leadership to a President who surrenders on major issues. —*The Nation.*

Congress will be more independent. Congress has learned that many of the proposals laid down are not popular with the people. The public expects Congress to deliberate and avoid enacting unwise legislation. This change in attitude is in accordance with the system of checks and balances the Constitution provided. With executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government divorced, we can have real democracy.—*Royal S. Copeland, Senator from New York.*

Congress is a net liability to the President. It would seem that responsible governments should make for harmony, not disharmony, between the two branches of a government which went in by such an overwhelming majority so recently as last November.—*Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.*

With the passing of the emergency, during which Congress followed the President's recommendations, confidence returned, and Congress once more performs its constitutional function. However, there is such a conflict of interests among the states that a leader is needed. I don't mean by that that we are supposed to take everything Mr. Roosevelt suggests in the way he suggests it, but he is the leader. There's no one in Congress to take his place.—*Sherman Minton, Senator from Indiana.*

Congress is talking independence; but its members have to be elected every two years, and it is impossible to predict what they will do. Nevertheless, there is a very perceptible change. Last year we were getting requests to pass legislation conferring new benefits on somebody. Now the pressure is for repeal of unwise laws. The President's hold on Congress is slipping. —*Clare E. Hoffman, Representative from Michigan.*

Congress and the administration should act with one accord to get results.—*Detroit News.*

There is more independence by far than there was, but certainly not enough to warrant any assumption that Congress will act in complete independence of the Executive. Congress probably will pay closer attention to presidential proposals than it did in the past.—*John G. Townsend, Jr., Senator from Delaware.*

It seems to us that Congress would do well to pigeonhole most of the "revolt" talk and devote itself to enacting the President's recommendations as fast as it can.—*New York Daily News.*

TEXAS—Senator Tom Connally, Democrat, is a conservative, ex-soldier, and a master at filibustering. He bitterly opposes the anti-lynching bill

CALIFORNIA—Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, Democrat, former Secretary of the Treasury, is tall and slim, and looks younger than his years

IDAHO—Senator William E. Borah, Republican, follows the Daniel Webster school of eloquence. Often threatens to rebel against his party

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM NEWSPHOTOS

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY ERNST WIESE

BANDIT-BAITING: Italians punish some Ethiopian criminals by public ridicule and poking them with bayonets

NATIVES DEMONSTRATE almost daily before Italy's bank in Addis Ababa demanding silver, not paper lire

Ethiopia Smolders

As one of the few foreigners permitted to go beyond the "No Trespassing" sign hung out by Italy over her new empire, my recent five months' tour of Ethiopia convinced me that the vast amounts of material and men required to maintain Italian domination are costing Mussolini dearly. Italian taxpayers are bearing single-handed the cost of the most expensive colonial enterprise in modern times.

Italy's financial and human resources are being heavily drained, not only by a vast road-building program in the conquered kingdom, but particularly by the efforts of 200,000 men who compose the fascist expeditionary force to pacify a warlike population of 9,000,000 natives in a territory larger than France and Italy combined.

In Addis Ababa, Rodolfo Graziani, Italian Viceroy, resigns, packs his trunks, and prepares to depart. Ill health is ending his Ethiopian career—ill health caused by wounds received last winter when embittered natives hurled hand grenades at him, only two weeks after he had declared that all Ethiopia was securely under Italian control.

Appearances are deceptive. Northern Ethiopia, where massacres of Italian garrisons are now reported, looked like a haven of peace when I motorcycled through there. On the main highway, khaki-uniformed Italian road-builders swung their spades, while their guns, stacked near by, were used mainly to hang their garments on. But I noticed that in the native villages only women, children, and old men were about; and, though I was feasted royally by my Italian hosts, my suggestion to go wild boar hunting in the thickets just a few miles outside camp was always hurriedly, though courteously, sidestepped.

When I reached Dessie, two-thirds of the way to Addis Ababa, orders came from Viceroy Graziani that I was not to continue to the capital without an escort of two trucks, four machine guns, an officer, and sixty white troops. I had entered the military zone. Instead of leisurely surveying the new Roman conquest, as I had anticipated, I found myself on the way to army headquarters at Addis Ababa as the only neutral observer of a war to which no foreign correspondents had been invited.

Haile Selassie, former emperor, has fled into exile. Leading native princes have been captured and executed. But hostilities never have ceased. The mountainous, arid, unexplored southwest affords excellent protection to rebel bands against Italian aircraft. Caproni bombers vainly seek out isolated villages suspected of giving aid to Ethiopian warriors, and drop warnings in the shape of shiny, conical explosives. Yet these daily airplane patrols cannot fathom the mysteries of the jungle and its hiding places for arms and ammunition.

My experience on flights with Italian officers persuades me that those in the air are in greater danger than the rebel tribes they seek to frighten. During the dry season, the extreme heat of the midday causes air pockets which toss the huge tri-motored machines about like paper kites. Loss of control has led to a high number of casualties. Severe storms during the rainy season bring another hazard: forced landings in hostile country.

At one Italian military outpost, the first sight to greet us on the jungle clearing that served as a landing-field was the wreckage of three Capronis—all that remained of General Locatelli's ill-fated scouting expedition. The planes, carrying ten high officials and twenty soldiers, had been forced down near a village. At night, while all were asleep inside the bombers, confident that the natives were harmless, several hundred Ethiopians machine-gunned the planes. All the Italians were killed, except a priest and a minor officer.

At Dembi Dolo, where we landed on a clearing burned out of the thicket, the Italian commandant was comfortably installed in a brick house that had been abandoned by Swedish-American missionaries. On our two-hour journey by mule to the "residence," we passed smiling Negroes who waved greetings. Unlike the Galla and Amhari people, whose lands were ravaged in the Italo-Ethiopian war, these natives had had no unhappy contacts with white men. They welcomed the Italians in simple faith as successors to their Swedish teachers, the only Europeans they had ever known.

HAILE SELASSIE'S LAST STAND: This rare picture, captured by the Italians, shows the Emperor manning a machine gun before he fled into exile in May, 1936

A REMINDER that Ethiopia is still unconquered. Forced to land, these three Italian bombers were burned and their crews were killed by hostile tribesmen

But even these friendly natives were no real protection to the handful of Italian officers who were trying to control the region without any line of communication with Addis Ababa except by radio and airplane. They had mistakenly organized the sturdiest young Negroes into military units called *bandi*. The mere offer of a modern rifle was inducement enough to bring twice as many volunteers as could be trained and equipped. An Ethiopian cannot win a wife without owning a lance, but with one modern rifle he can acquire several brides—and he usually does.

During the frequent wedding celebrations that ensued, the *bandi* imbibed so much honey-beer—the native hooch—that they began shooting their new guns not only at one another, but, in the same festive spirit, at the Italians! By the time we arrived, the Italians were wondering how to recover the rifles.

Another amusing, yet pertinent, incident occurred at Gambela, near the Anglo-Sudan border. The five Italian officers commanding the garrison there had intended to rely on their 50 Askari—Negro troops from Italian Libya—to protect them. But on the day I arrived, the commandant discovered that his soldiers, after admiring the Sudanese beauties bathing in a near-by river all day, were stealing away from sentry duty to join them at night. He then decided that a less vulnerable line of defense was necessary. Summoning the natives, he opened an impressive-looking coffer containing 5000 silver thalers, and distributed them to his new neighbors. Thus he solved the problems of love and military tactics.

Without any rain-proof airports in all these strategic positions, and with no roads in this region, the Italians, during the wet season from May to October, have no way of controlling the vast territory. When the heavy rains began, only Addis Ababa and Asmara had hard-ground airports. Elsewhere, the hastily-cleared fields became bogs too dangerous for use by heavy Caproni planes.

Only a quarter of the main highway from Asmara to the capital has been paved with rain-resistant asphalt. The Italian road-builders—the first white men to do manual labor in Africa—worked 12 hours a day, including Sunday, to insure through communications before the rains set in; yet it was beyond their powers to pave 2000 miles of projected highways in a single dry season.

On my way back to Asmara by motorcycle, during the "little rains" that precede the summer torrents, the roads were already rivers of mud. Between Debra Sina and Dessie the road was blocked by a column of 3000 supply trucks, stuck in the mud for five days. Neither chains nor wooden supports could free the wheels. Only after twenty soldiers were harnessed like mules to each truck were some of them dislodged. Sixty trucks were never pushed out, and today their skeletons remain there, embedded in the quagmire.

It is therefore not surprising that bands of hostile tribesmen have taken advantage of the havoc caused by broken lines of communication during the rainy season to strike back at the Italians. But if the difficulties of "pacification" are as formidable during the second year of the Italian regime in Ethiopia as they were in the first, all the obstacles are not topography and climate.

In dealing with the natives the Italians often disregard primitive folkways. In their haste to confront the world with the picture of a fascist Ethiopia, they have not sufficiently studied the subjects of their experiment. Sometimes the story has been an Ethiopian version of *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People.*

The policy of buying off Ethiopian princes with pensions (at times amounting to 20,000 lire monthly) or with deluxe Fiat limousines and trips to Italy has been a mistake. For every native prince who is on the Italian pay roll, a score of minor chieftains are disgruntled because they receive too little or no share of the booty. In resentment, these chieftains have turned against Italy. Since history began, the normal occupation of most Ethiopian men has been warfare or brigandage, just as agriculture and marketing are the women's province. Never before were the rewards of daring so tempting: strange European food and drink, brilliant uniforms, new and powerful guns and ammunition.

Not all the guns and ammunition are won by fighting. Rifles and cartridges of Italian make frequently get to the natives

by peaceful means: when troops or road laborers barter them secretly for chickens, leopard or monkey skins, or souvenirs. Often the tribesmen will accept no other currency.

Paper lire have no significance for them, and the silver thalers coined by Rome are so obviously lacking in metallic content that the natives spurn them. While I was in Addis Ababa, demonstrations against Italian currency by Ethiopian tradesmen outside the gates of the branch of the Banco di Roma were an almost daily occurrence, usually ending only after the Askari guard fired into the mob.

It is doubtful whether the Italian regime made much headway in 1936-37 in winning over the population by means of its widely-advertised medical, educational, and agricultural reforms. This aid went principally to Galla Negroes, slaves for centuries to the Ethiopian ruling caste. The Gallas accepted the medicine for themselves and for their cattle—when it tasted good. Little Galla boys donned black shirts, shouldered wooden muskets, and marched in squadrons of "Young Fascists" before the Italian newsreel cameras.

BUT WHEN the Italians meted out public punishment to many of the tribesmen for pilfering, friends and relatives of these tribesmen often turned to their former masters, still hiding in the brush, for sympathy and also plans for revenge.

In practicing certain types of chastisement, the Italians have run counter to native sensibilities. The penalty of death was usual for almost any crime under the old regime, and was accepted stoically by the accused and his tribe. Prisons were unknown. Expecting to be hailed as merciful, the Italians made theft punishable, not with death, but with public flogging or forced labor. But to the native, death is preferable to being held up to the ridicule of his fellow man, who is accustomed to regard corporal punishment or hard work as a lasting disgrace.

Even more resentment was stirred up through Italian efforts to exact the death penalty for what no Ethiopian could bring himself to consider a crime—failure to give up arms after surrendering to the conquerors. The reaction against that decree was so widespread it could not be enforced.

To deprive an Ethiopian of his lance or rifle is to wrest his manhood and good name from him. When the Italians tried to do so, thousands of otherwise docile natives fled into the waste lands to form part of the rebel bands which have already succeeded in driving Viceroy Graziani back to Rome. From those hiding places they spread terror wherever the soldier-laborers from Italy are struggling, against tremendous odds, to build a new empire for their imperial Duce.

—Ernst Wiese

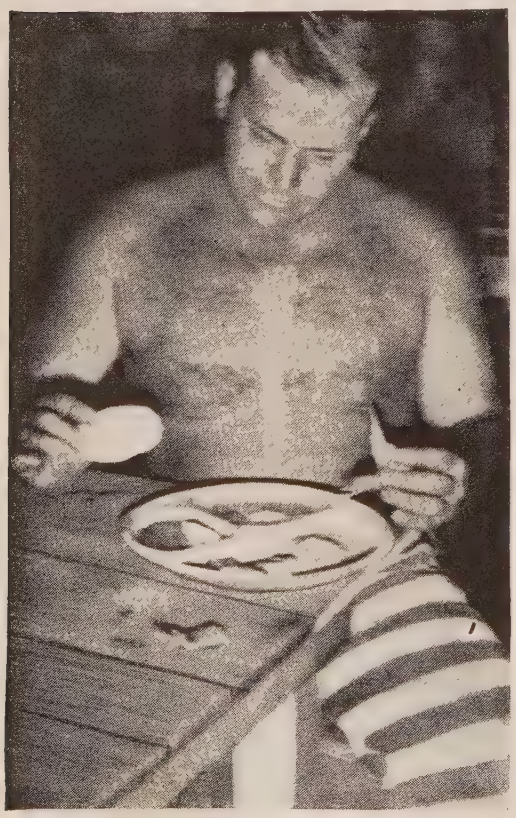
BIG-GAME HUNT in the market place of Addis Ababa. Below: The best restaurant in the capital is so crowded that five sittings are necessary at each meal

STUCK IN THE MUD: These skeletons of Italian army trucks are part of a convoy which met such a fate. Ethiopian roads are impassable most of the year

OLD STYLE: Shackled convicts will soon disappear from Georgia roads. Contrary to popular belief, chains are used only on prisoners the guards do not trust

GUARDS who superintend the grading and surfacing of roads, which is the main occupation of convicts in road camps, will find life easier when "mean" prisoners (hitherto chained) are confined in prison

Georgia Abandons

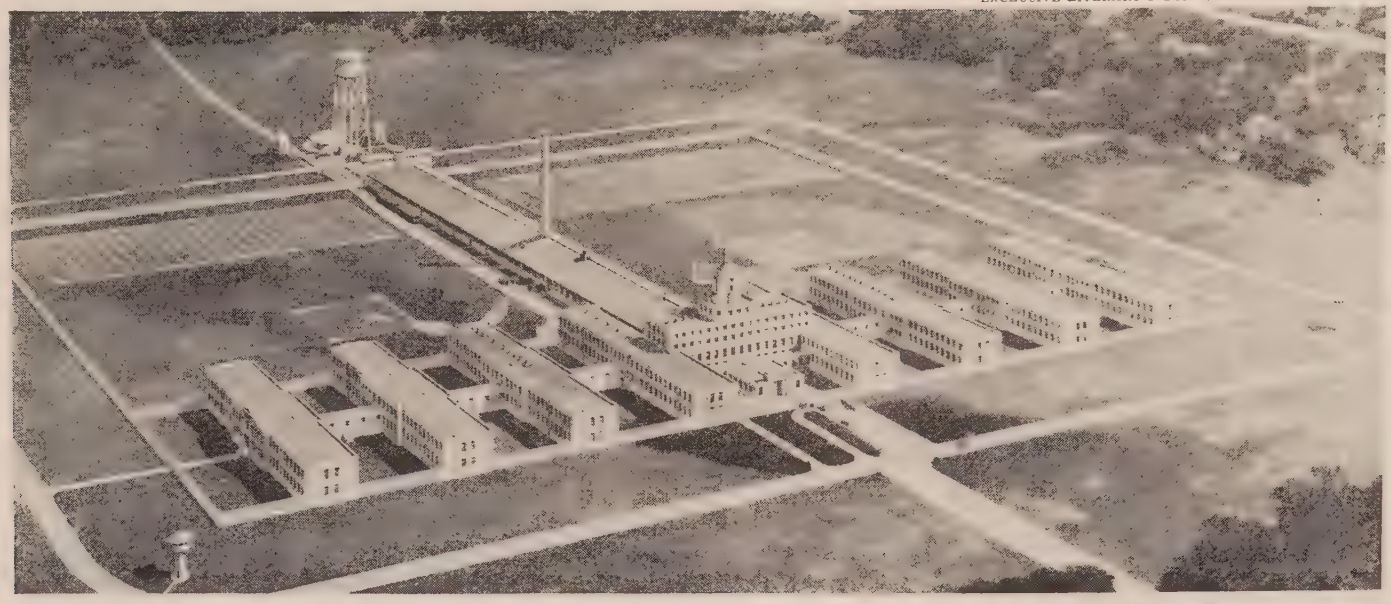


THERE'S NO RULE about keeping your shirt on at supper. Nor is conversation restricted at table, where white and colored convicts eat in separate units. About 25 per cent of the state's prisoners are white. This white man has shaved a cross on his chest, symbol of his religion

LOCATION of guards and convicts is chalked up in the warden's office in the road camp, where convicts dig from sunrise to sunset into Georgia's red clay. Negroes and whites are listed in the two right-hand columns

GUARDS	LOCATION	MEN	
Avera Haynes	112 62	8	4
Chas. Cosley Cameron	Glenn Cir. 71-70	26	12
Fuller Richardson	Veneer in Clark 40	13	4
Fuller T. L.	789 65-72-69-54	5	7
Bailey	112 41	4	3
Mitchell Mitchell Rice	204 49	20	5
Wright	63 76	10	2
Wood-Farmer Bond	24 75	19	5
Young-Clark	112 61	15	3
Holcomb	250 45-51-52-53	2	
Jackson		3	4
Mitchell RM	46-55-59	1	
Curtis Mercer	137 Area 68	1	
Farm	161 Area 66-73-74	3	
Shop & Supply Room	Ashland Point Ground 42-43	3	
Pauper Farm	Flat Rock 47-48	3	
Yard & Bldg.	Stone Mt 67	14	
Sick	Gun Shop 63-42	1	
WHITE 39	BLACK 112	TOTAL 151	

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE



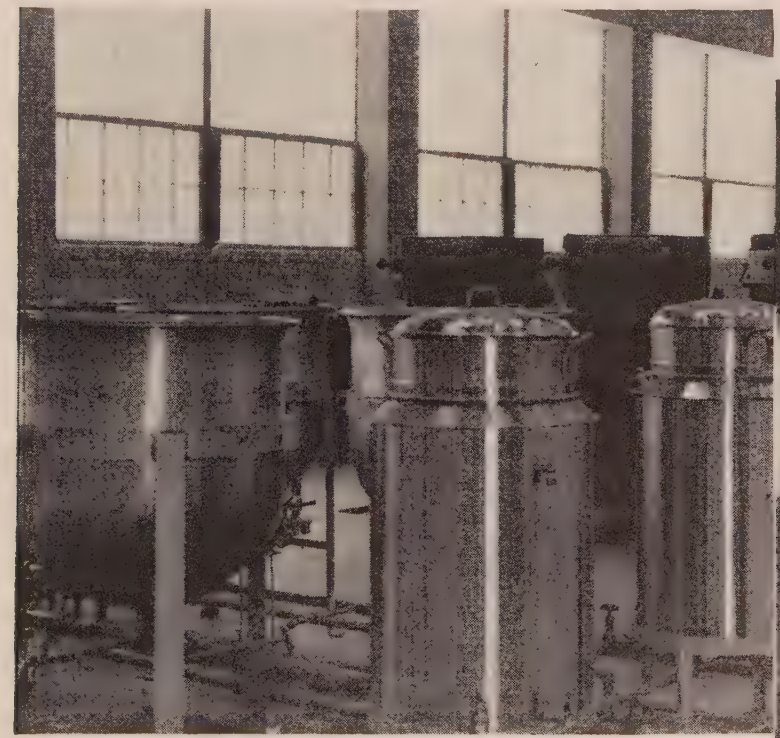
NEW PRISON in Tattnall County, built by PWA funds, will house incorrigibles who formerly wore chains. The place has facilities for modern vocational training and recreation

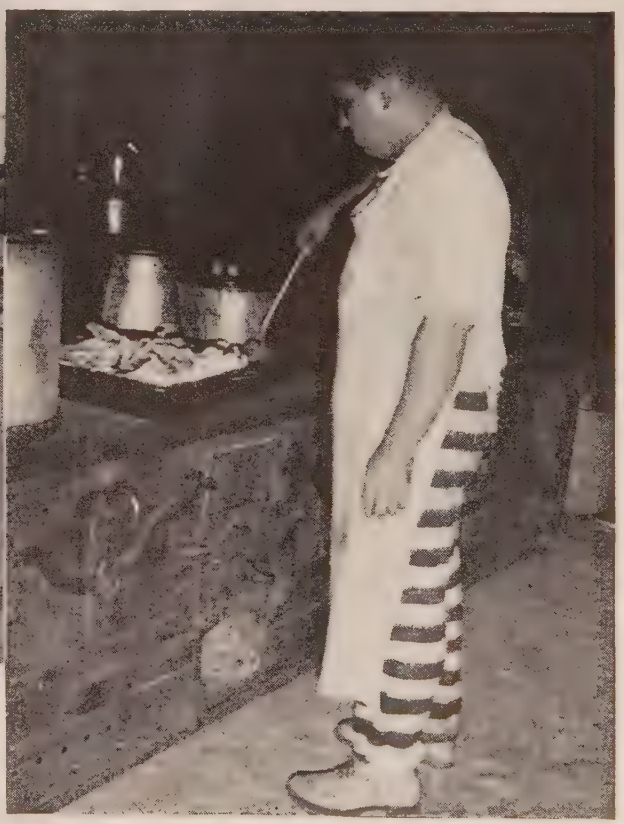
Chain Gangs

In a movement to reorganize her prison system, Georgia is eliminating the much-publicized chain gang, and is installing improved methods in the care of prisoners

BLOODHOUNDS are used to track escaped prisoners. Untiring and tenacious, they get their man

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE





MODERN EQUIPMENT will be used throughout Tattnall's prison. The kitchen above contrasts strongly with the scene at the right, where the camp cook fries pork chops on an old-fashioned wood stove. Even in road camps, meat, beans, bread, and coffee are plentiful, for well-fed convicts work better than hungry ones

COMBING matured cranberry bushes in Cape Cod bogs. Younger bushes must be picked by hand

Christmas Cranberries

Cranberries, classic companion to Christmas turkey, this year abound in a record crop

FLOODING the bogs, after the picking, brings still more berries floating to the surface. The pickers, mostly Portuguese, migrate to shanties at the bogs for the picking season. Bouncing determines the hard, perfect cranberries, then sorted by hand for the market

PACKING Cape Cod cranberries, three quarters of the world's supply, that bring about $5,000,000 a year to the growers in that district

Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print

THE PASSION FLOWER
from "Nature Magazine"

THE name passion flower arose from the resemblance of the floral parts to important implements of Christ's crucifixion, the resemblance being first pointed out by early Italian and Spanish travelers. Some of the early religious men saw in the corona the crown of thorns, others thought it the halo; to some of them the five stamens were the five wounds, to others they represented the hammers used to drive the nails, represented by the three-knobbed styles. Five sepals, together with five petals, stood for the ten apostles—Peter, who denied, and Judas, who betrayed, were left out of the reckoning. The innumerable mitten-like leaves of some species are the pointing hands of the accusers, who held cords or whips, the tendrils.

Legend and superstition have long been associated with these beautiful blooms. In *Plant Lore, Legends and Lyrics,* Folkard states that when the Spaniards first saw the rich festoons of this plant hanging from the branches of the forest trees they "regarded the magnificent blossom as a token that the Indians should be converted to Christianity, as they saw in its several parts the emblems of the Passion of our Lord."

If the delicate beauty of the flower had not been a source of satisfaction to man its fruit would certainly have been, for certain species supply succulent, berry-like fruits. In some cases these are highly perfumed and appear often on tables in the tropics.

In New South Wales and Queensland the fruit is highly esteemed and is grown commercially for use in flavoring sherbets, confectionery, jams and for other table purposes. Recently we have been introduced to a refreshing drink made from the juice of the passion fruit. The original drink is prepared by beating up the edible pulp in a glass of ice water and by adding a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. In such gastronomic form the passion flower is appealing to new thousands in this modern world and will continue to do so in the years to come—*Henricks Hedge*

FEMININE FINANCIERS
from "Turn of the World"

THERE are many more ways of getting along with little money than you might suppose. I am thinking of a woman in financial difficulties who managed to procure herself a hazardous home in a hotel by publicity among her friends persuading them to entertain there. It was understood by the hotel that what they paid covered her expenses too. Most of her friends knew this and were not to be pitied.

On one occasion this lady wanted to make a handsome wedding present and ordered a marvelously embroidered bag —a royal gift. As she already owed the shop for several others—and all expensive—the bagmaker told her she could have it only by paying cash; he was willing to let the rest of the account run a while longer.

She agreed and asked him to send the bag by a boy directly to her room. The boy himself was told most emphatically not to let the bag leave one hand before he had the money in the other.

At the door he was on his guard until the woman asked him smilingly if he had change for a thousand francs. He had. Very well, she would get the bill and, taking the bag from him, now quite at his ease, she closed the door.

Then she went to the telephone, called up the doorman downstairs and told him that there was a messenger boy who had been insolent and was annoying her and please to have him thrown out.

He was.

I knew a dressmaker who had made clothes for certain members of an exiled royal family, and in the goodness of her heart asked them very little; they spread her fame in their circle. So she was not surprised one day to see another royal person, from a recently republicanized country, come in to give her an order.

When the dresses were finished, the personage was much pleased. Then the bill arrived, a modest one, for the dressmaker had small rooms at the top of several flights of stairs, and only charged accordingly.

"What!" cried the new customer. "You dare to send me a bill! You ought to be proud to work for me!"

And she never paid that bill. The dressmaker not only had to pay her girls for their work, but to pay for the material, to say nothing of her rent. But she knew no way to get the money.

Not long after, one of her wealthy customers came in, by appointment. With her was the

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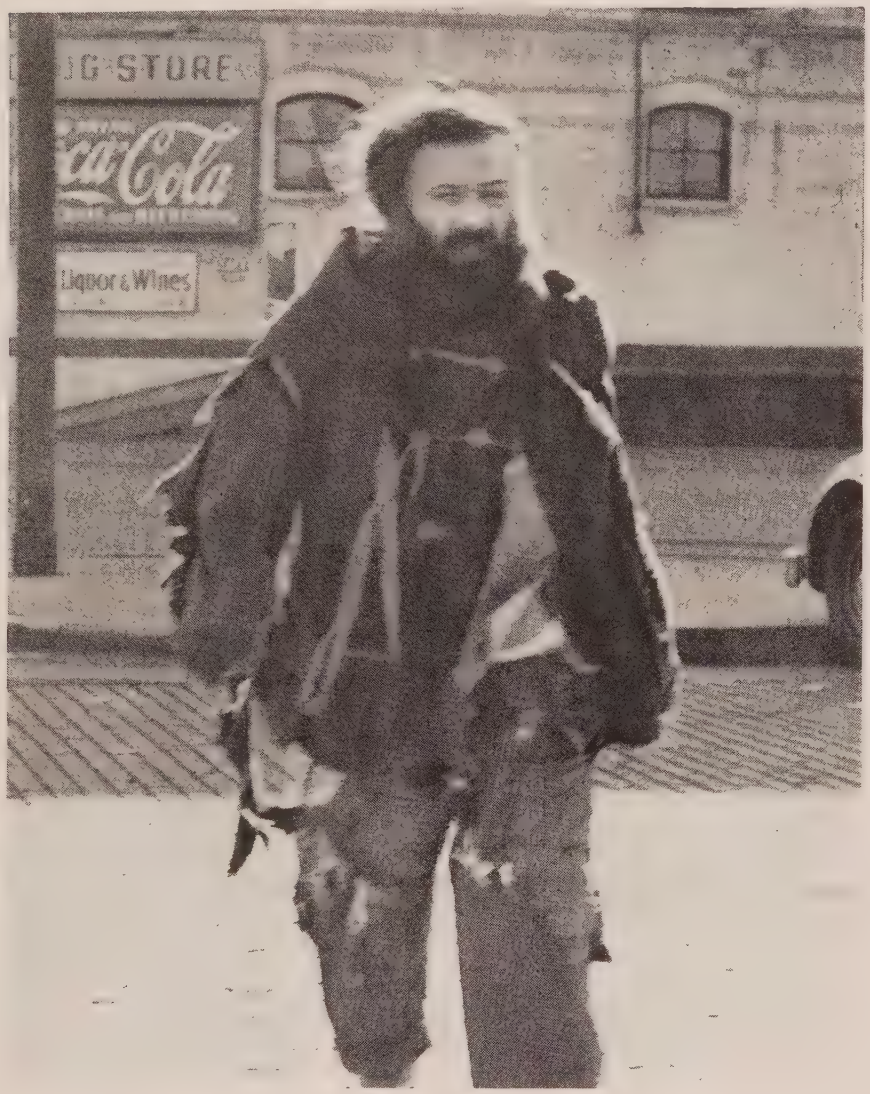
Divorce for Dancers	*Haagsche Post, The Hague*
A Famous Limerick	*The Observer, London*
Oil for War	*Vendémiaire, Paris*

Photo of the Week



PLUTOCRAT despite his rags, this apparition was caught by photographer Floyd H. McCall in the Denver station where the tattered gentleman produced a large roll of bills to buy a ticket to New Orleans.—*Denver Post*

royal lady, all smiles and bows. While the rich woman tried on certain furs, choosing several, the other tried on a fur coat, a "latest model" and was so pleased with it that she said she would keep it on. In a few moments, she left with her old one over her arm, still bowing and smiling in all directions.

The rich customer made her choice and gave her orders.

The dressmaker thought the rich American customer was giving the royal lady a present, but not so.

"I have never seen her before in my life," said the lady of wealth.

One day soon after, the door opened again to let in the personage who was all smiles.

"I have come in to tell you that I have sold that coat to a friend for the price you named. When she sends me a check you shall have the money at once."

Not long after the dressmaker was at a cinema and there she saw in the newsreel the distinguished silhouette of her coat upon the back of the royal personage who was *embarking for a foreign country!—Elizabeth, Lady Decies* (J. B. Lippincott & Co., $3.00)

JAPANESE NEWSPAPER MEN
from "Newsdom"

JAPANESE reporters covering the current Sino-Japanese war work as hard and subject themselves to as many dangers to get a good story as their American counterparts, newsmen from the United States also covering the war have found.

The Japanese newsmen insist upon being right on the scene of important war developments. They go along with the troops, sometimes only a step or two behind a company of charging soldiers.

Nearly a dozen newsmen and photographers have been killed at the front. Almost as many more are in hospitals with wounds.

In his office, the Japanese newspaper man appears in a much different light, however.

His fan and cup of tea are as much a part of his equipment as the slouch hat and police press card are that of an American reporter. In writing a story, he pencils out vertical columns. The characters resemble hen tracks on the paper.

Since he cannot use a typewriter, as the Japanese character-writing machine is impractical for general reportorial work, his "copy" necessarily must be clearly and cleanly written.

When he has a story ready for his city desk, he calls the copy boy. He does not bawl, "Boy!" He calls "Boy San," the literal of which is "Mr. Boy."

And when "Mr. Boy" arrives, he bows —both before and after taking the copy from the reporter.

To this unconscious etiquette the reporter adds an amazing tenacity when he "goes out" on a story. It is the usual thing, during the formation of a new cabinet, to camp—literally—around the official residence of the premier. Newsmen set up pup tents within observation range of the house, and sit there day and night, watching who comes and goes.

These, of course, are the political reporters. They occupy the highest heaven in the Japanese newspaper hierarchy. The general newsmen are next, then the sports writers. All are well educated. They have to be to qualify for a job on a newspaper. All are ceremoniously polite.

HOLLYWOOD HACKS
from "Story"

HOLLYWOOD can be of no use to the American writer (as a writer) because it doesn't need or employ writers. Those in Hollywood now called writers are not writers; they are (1) idea men, (2) story discussers, (3) plot men, (4) dialogue writers, and (5), if they write at all, collaborators. The first necessity of the writer, privacy, is completely out of the question in Hollywood. By privacy I mean inward aloneness, without which I personally feel no good writing can ever be done.

This does not mean, however, that Hollywood is a place to avoid. On the contrary, every American writer ought to visit the place, take a job at as large a salary as he can get, and hang around until he is fed up. If he never gets fed up, so much the better, or worse, depending on who's judging. If he gets fed up and doesn't dare leave town because he has got used to the money, again so much the better, one way or another.

The chances of doing anything inte-

grated (from one man's point of view) are practically non-existent. You can't run the whole show because they don't do it that way. A picture which you see in fifty-five minutes and which, at best, is lousy, is the result of long, hard work on the part of at least three hundred human beings, two of them sub-geniuses. An artist (as I call them) in order to produce a work of art, of any kind, in any form, *must* run the whole show. There isn't, or aren't, two ways about it.

For the fun of it, nevertheless, first-rate American writers should not hesitate, now and then, or at least between books, to visit the bright little village. It isn't half bad. The people, at their worst, are only ambitious, competitive, sly, and stupid. I am very fond of them.—*William Saroyan*

OUTLINE OF HISTORY
from "New York Herald Tribune"

A MAN named Ernest Simpson married a Miss Dorothea Parsons. They were divorced. Simpson then married the divorced wife of Earl Winfield Spencer, a naval officer, the former Miss Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore. They were divorced. Mrs. Spencer then married the Duke of Windsor. Spencer married again and was divorced by his second wife, Mrs. Mariam J. Spencer. He then married Mrs. Norma Reese Johnson, a Detroit widow. Mr. Simpson married Mary Kirk Raffray, who had been divorced from Jacques Achille Louis Raffray. Now news comes that Mr. Raffray is going to marry Mrs. Connie de Bower, who is divorcing Herbert de Bower, who up to this time has taken no part in the conversation. Well, what is Mr. de Bower going to do?

THE CAMERA FACES LEFT
from "The Nation"

SIX months ago, a group of scenarists and camera men came forward with the independent, non-profit organization known as Frontier Films. At their head is Paul Strand, whose memorable *The Wave* was an indication of what may be expected of this enterprise. His colleagues and advisory staff include, among others, Joris Ivens, pioneering producer of *Borinage* and *Spanish Earth;* Ralph Steiner, Leo Hurwitz, John Howard Lawson, Elia Kazan, Vera Caspary, David Wolff, Malcolm Cowley, John Dos Passos, Lillian Hellman, Archibald MacLeish, Lewis Milestone, and Clifford Odets. Their purpose is to bring to bear on the contemporary scene an organized group of professional scenarists, directors, and camera men who will faithfully transcribe that scene in terms of its drama, and "wield this power consistently on the side of progress." To this end they have said their farewells to Hollywood, to reconnoiter on their own for themes which American life today has flung squarely before their cameras. Hollywood's answer to its doldrums, apparently, is three-dimensional films, features in technicolor, and a revolving belt of imported profiles.

It is the plan of Frontier Films to utilize those outlets of which Hollywood takes no cognizance, as well as the commercial movie houses. "We have," it is explained, "appealed so far to the 'subway circuit' of motion-picture houses, for the most part independently owned and exhibiting the finer foreign films throughout the country. We propose now to open up new channels which will embrace the greatest potential theatrical and extra-theatrical audience for living and purposeful films that exists in America. Our facilities are already at the disposal of responsible agents which cut across the bias of modern life—the trade unions, the coöperative societies, educational institutions, social welfare groups, peace organizations, public forums, churches of whatever denomination, schools, and the like."

It is expected that many progressive organizations, particularly trade unions, will follow Europe's example of sponsoring realistic documents in which the problems peculiar to their respective groups will be candidly and dramatically transcribed in the language of their respective trades. A film that will attempt to portray the unionization of John Doe, automobile worker, is already under consideration.

This concern of experimental photography for events close to our own time and society is not a fad but a flowering. Many of its practitioners are drawn from the ranks that created the Group Theatre. They are the same group, substantially, who several years ago organized the Film and Photo League to produce "stills" and motion pictures which would take stock of modern life in America.

What is the documentary film? It is more, says Paul Strand, than a purely informative chronicle of things and events, a mere journalistic diagram of reality. "The problem which the makers of documentary films must solve," he declared, "does not end with the problem of how an audience may be informed. They must devise legitimate techniques for moving an audience by projecting the basic dramatic meanings implicit in the documents." The reportorial coverage of weekly newsreels and travelogues is only one element in the documentary film and is distributed in strategic sequence-patterns to achieve effects of drama and emphasis that the commercial news camera man cannot take into account.

"The world," Mr. Steiner declared, "is our studio. One works with life itself here, not with fabrications of it. And there's no more exciting material in the world for a man who wants to run a camera."—*Ben Belitt*

A YEAR IN NEW YORK
from "This Week"

WITHIN twelve months' time the following things happen in New York City:

One hundred thousand babies are born.

Five thousand of them die.

Twelve thousand people die in automobile accidents.

Sixty thousand people are married.

One thousand three hundred and fifty people commit suicide.

Twelve hundred people are arraigned for homicide.

About one third of them are held.

Five hundred thousand people appear in some court.

Nineteen thousand policemen keep the peace.

Cartoon of the Week

—from *Stage* magazine

INTERNATIONAL

BABY NUDIST was caught by a cop and a N. Y. *Daily Mirror* camera man. From *News Pictures* by Jack Price (Round Table Press, $3.50)

Two hundred million people come into the city.

Twelve thousand doctors practice medicine.

Five thousand ministers keep the city straight.

Thirty-two thousand plumbers plumb.

Five hundred and nine hotels serve sightseers.

Three hundred and forty-three billion gallons of water are used.

Eleven million people go through the Holland Tunnel.

One hundred and twenty-five thousand letters have wrong addresses.

Twenty-seven thousand fires are put out.

Eighteen thousand men handle twelve million pieces of mail.

Nineteen million books are taken from libraries.

Ninety thousand stenographers take dictation.

Two hundred thousand salesmen use high pressure.—*Myles D. Blanchard*

WITH THE ARMS SMUGGLERS

from "Regards," Paris

I RECENTLY returned to Hensies-Pommeroeul, a Belgian village in a well-watered and wooded countryside, where I had previously lived for a long time.

In appearance Hensies-Pommeroeul is nothing but a little mining hamlet situated along the Mons Canal, less than two miles from the French frontier. Actually it is the greatest smuggling center on the northern frontier of France. Large-scale smuggling is organized like a real industry. Every gang is headed by a chief who finances and outlines operations. The chief, known only to a few trusty men, acts through two lieutenants, one of whom handles the commercial end of the game, purchase and sale of smuggled goods, while the other supervises the actual "passage" of goods across the frontier.

On the Franco-Belgian frontier the gangs have joined in a sort of "smugglers' syndicate," disposing of a fund of several million francs, replenished by a contribution of 5 per cent of the annual turnover of each gang. The annual profits of each gang run into millions of francs.

I must confess that when I had lived in Hensies before, I was on very friendly terms with all the smugglers of the region. I was not surprised when, on my return to the village, the most famous smuggling "lieutenant" of the border dropped in for a chat. He was a former schoolmate of mine.

During our conversation I learned that the smugglers had largely withdrawn from smuggling tobacco in favor of political pursuits. They were transporting arms, most of them going to Franco in Spain, while some were stored in France for the benefit of certain political parties of the extreme right.

"Where do the arms come from?" I asked.

"At first the Spaniards bought them from a Belgian armament firm in Herstal. But the police got suspicious. Now we get the goods in Germany."

"But what about the police, the customs guards?"

My friend looked at me with scorn. "Police? Customs guards? We're not children. Come on a trip with us and you'll see how much we care for the customs guards."

It was very simple. One fine evening—that is, an evening fine for smuggling; the night was black as ink, with a driving rain—we came by train to Vianden in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. Four men and two trucks were waiting for us by the station.

One of the men, a tall, dark-skinned fellow with distinguished manners, was J. M., the representative of the Spanish rebels. Though my friend vouched for my good faith, M. was suspicious of me from the start. If he reads these lines he will certainly regret not having had me shot in the German forests.

Leaving the trucks at an isolated farmhouse, we went down to the river Mons, which forms the boundary line between Luxemburg and Germany, waded across, and followed a path among bushes to a farm on the German side.

Four men were sitting on solidly-built wooden cases in the farm hall, two of them in the uniform of the Storm Troops. I counted forty-two cases. Long ones, evidently containing rifles; others, marked "handle with care," ammunition. There were also both regular and hand machine guns and one hundred and fifty Schmesser automatics, a terrible weapon that can be carried in a pocket and that fires thirty-two bullets at one clip.

Two by two, we got hold of the cases and brought them to the river's edge. There we paused to take breath, as they were devilishly heavy. The Luxemburg customs guards had been "fixed." The coast was clear. Some of us took the cases across the river, while the others carried them up to the farmhouse and loaded them on the trucks.

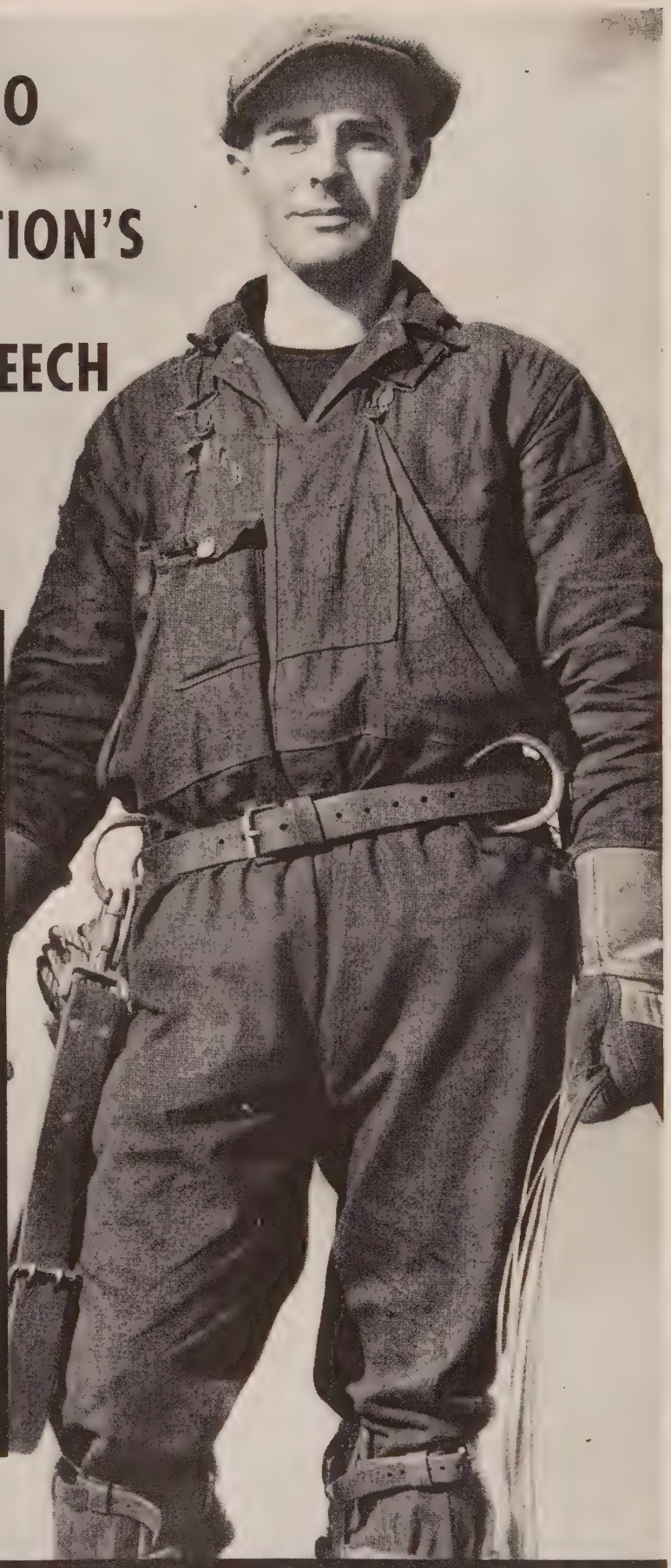
Two hours later we crossed the Belgian frontier at Clairvaux without seeing a soul.

The arms continued on their way to Paris hidden in coal barges, or were shipped to Spain in tramp steamers from Ostend.

It is easy to see why the traffickers in

"Friend, let us cease fighting while I digest what I have swallowed of you!"—*Daily Herald, London*

HELPING HIM TO MAINTAIN THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS OF SPEECH



TELEPHONE MEN need good equipment to do a good job and to give you good service. Western Electric apparatus is right in design and right in quality—made specially to fit the needs of the Bell Telephone System.

Quick, nation-wide delivery by Western Electric, dramatic in time of fire, flood or other emergency, is no less important in meeting the day-by-day requirements of Bell System service.

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON *Western Electric* QUALITY

Our twenty-two-billion-dollar ride.
—New York Herald Tribune

illegal arms have picked Belgium and Luxemburg for their operations.—*Pierre Morin*

CENSORING OURSELVES
from "I Talk as I Please"

News may be censored or news may be freely discussed.

When the dissemination of news is fettered by government censorship, democracy quickly vanishes. When news and its discussion is fettered by social or commercial inhibitions and intolerances, the appearance of democracy may be fairly well sustained, but the ultimate result will be the same.

For the last eight years I have fought the indifference of Mr. Average Man. What he is doing is promoting censorship as vicious as any government censorship anywhere in the world.

The public is the greatest censor in any democracy. A viewpoint may be expressed by an editor over the radio to which Mr. Average Man might take exception. Nine out of ten times he takes exception because his viewpoint is diametrically opposed to that expressed by the editor.

Mr. Average Man takes pen in hand and, if that editor be on a commercially sponsored program, writes in wrathy indignation to the sponsor that so long as he retains that editor to edit the news, then he, Mr. Average Man, would not think of buying that firm's products!

So the firm, having to worry about pay rolls (and pay rolls depend upon sales) approaches the editor and says: "Lay off this or that topic." For that counsel, while I disagree with its wisdom in the long run, I do not blame the commercial sponsor. I blame primarily Mr. Average Man. I blame him for mouthing platitudes about his belief in democracy and liberty and then doing the very things which destroy democracy. I blame him for his intolerance. I blame him for failure to heed the sound advice of Voltaire: "I totally disagree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

If Mr. Average Man did not shower commercial sponsors in American radio with the intolerance of threats to destroy their business just because he may disagree with a viewpoint expressed on domestic or world affairs by an editor, there would be a far more sound, intelligent and keen reporting and discussion of radio news and radio news editing.

Whether we like to admit it or not, the memory of humankind is very short. Moreover, it is utterly impossible to please everyone. If that could be done—then no one would listen. People love to write and say: "Dear Sir: I wouldn't buy your dishwasher if it were the last on earth, while you have that loud-mouthed, know-it-all Bill Brown talking on your program." It gives them a sense of power and a feeling that "Well-I-put-that-bunch-in-their-place-they'll-fix-that-guy's-feet." But unless it is an organized boycott, such sporadic denunciations do not mean the loss of sales, even though sales managers fondly believe they do—at times.

A program of news worth listening to is a program that is provocative of thought and argument. If it is provocative, people listen to be provoked or to agree with the sentiments expressed.

But, in either case, I would plead that commercial sponsors bury their jitterinesses at the sight of a denunciatory letter and that Mr. Average Man disagree as violently as he may please with the views of any and every editor, but confess the danger of his intolerance in demanding censorship by indirection upon the commercial company sponsoring the broadcast.

And these times—of all times—are times when truth needs to be told—*Boake Carter* (Dodge Publishing Co., $1.75)

DIVORCE FOR DANCERS
from "Haagsche Post," The Hague

A French judge, Gaston Legoff, who has occupied himself chiefly with divorce proceedings, firmly believes that successful husbands are those who are poor dancers or those who cannot dance at all. Judge Legoff noticed time and again that those guiltless of a broken marriage belonged in these categories.

Early in his career the judge made a practice of asking his clients whether they were good or poor dancers. Carefully compiling his statistics, he found that there was a close connection between guilt in divorce and good dancing.

Young girls, says Judge Legoff, can profit by this finding and should beware of a good dancer. Even though he knows how to lead her through the most intricate steps of a dance, she should not deduce that in the dance of married life he will prove his worth and leadership as well.

A FAMOUS LIMERICK
from "The Observer," London

As the author of the relativity limerick, perhaps I may be allowed to say that the limerick was made by me about fifteen years ago while sitting in the garden of my friend and former colleague, Dr. G. A. Shakespear, Lecturer on Physics at the University of Birmingham.

After conversing together on Einstein's theory, I suggested that we should each try to make a relativity limerick. At the end of about five minutes the limericks were ready and were exchanged, but with nothing more than a trace of mutual admiration.

Some two years later, in 1923, at a meeting of the Scientific Club of Winni-

BOAKE CARTER, commentator and crusader for uncensored radio news in *I Talk as I Please* (Dodge Co., $1.75)

peg, a paper on relativity was presented by a physicist and an engineer asked why it had been assumed that the greatest speed was that of light. I then said that, for my purpose, I had assumed that there was a speed greater than that of light, and that I had introduced this idea into a limerick, which, with the chairman's permission, I would recite. The verse was received with laughter and applause.

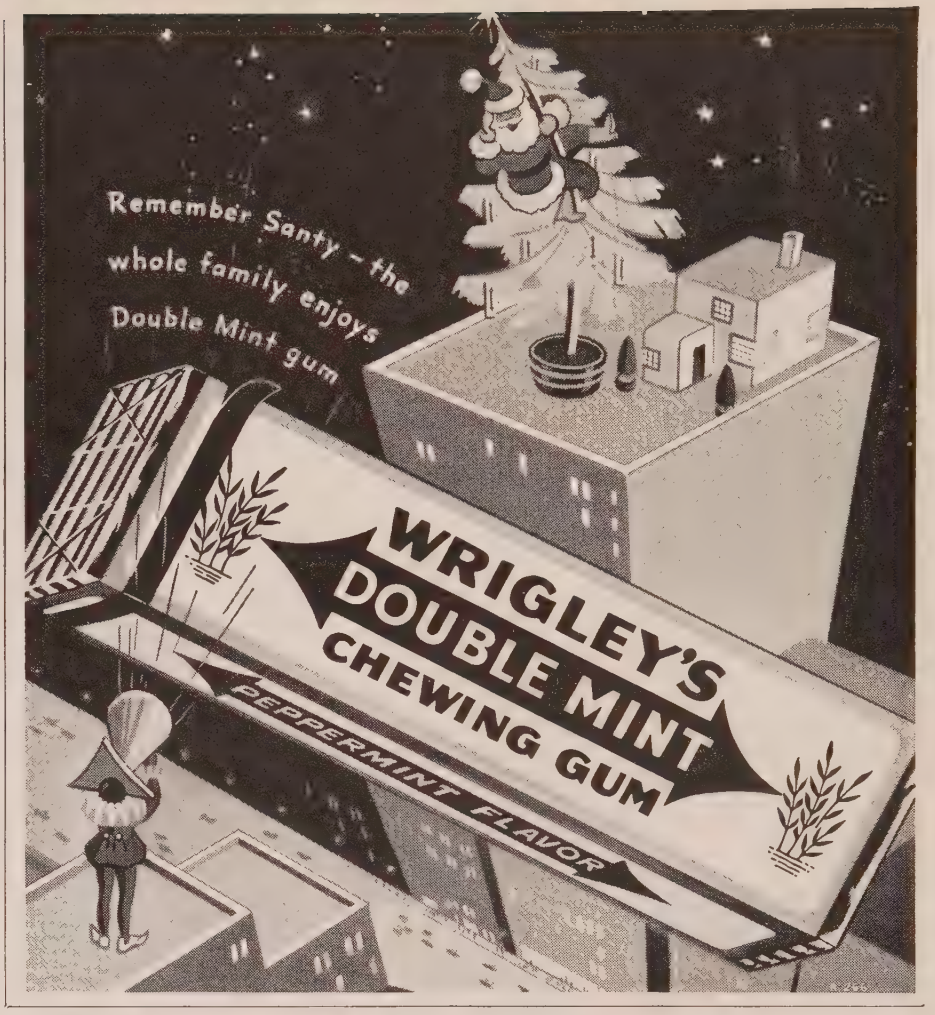
Three days later I was walking along Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on my way to the University of Manitoba, when I met a reporter from the *Winnipeg Free Press*. "Buller," he said, "I have heard that limerick of yours. It is very good. I sometimes send things to *Punch* and, if you don't mind, I should like to send that."

"Thank you very much," I replied, "but, if my limerick is going to *Punch*, I would rather send it myself." On arriving at the university I wrote out the limerick and at once sent it off to *Punch*. Six weeks later I received from the editor a copy of *Punch* with my limerick in it, and an honorarium of a few shillings.

The original form of the limerick was as follows:—

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day,
In a relative way,
And returned home the previous night.

Since the relativity limerick was published I have noted that at various times it has been attributed to three bishops and to a well-known American authoress.
—*A. H. Reginald Buller*



OIL FOR WAR

from "Vendémiaire," Paris

One of Germany's greatest worries in case of war is the supply of petroleum. Whether motorized or not, war will entail a terrific consumption of gasoline, while the results of German experiments in the production of synthetic motor fuels are too meager to assure an adequate supply for planes, tanks, trucks and other engines of combat.

There is no doubt that, in the event of European conflict, Germany counts on laying her hands as swiftly as possible on Romanian oil, and, perhaps, on reaching as far as the Caucasian oil wells. If she succeeds in doing so her problem will be solved. But the Russian and Romanian armies will prove a hard morsel to swallow, especially if Germany is fully engaged on the western front.

Italy's coöperation would be of no help to Germany in this connection. Really the opposite; for the requirements of fascist motors would have to be filled as well, and that would not be any easier than in the case of nazi motors.

There is only one possible solution, an incomplete solution, but one which will make the chiefs of the Reichswehr definitely easier in their minds. It consists of the creation of huge stocks of gasoline in underground cisterns.

For two years thousands of German workers, carefully picked for their loyalty to the regime and their ability to keep their mouths shut, have excavated thirty immense underground depots for gas and oil, under the exclusive control of military authorities. Twenty more, if our information is correct, have been started quite recently and should be completed before January 15. Keep this date in mind; it may be important. Estimating two months more as the time required to fill those monumental new reservoirs, one comes to what may be one of the most critical periods of the future.

Loewenberg, on the Elba between the villages of Derben and Ferchland, is the most important of the present German underground depots. It consists of 24 large gasoline cisterns and 34 smaller cisterns of oil. Pumps on the edge of the Elba transfer the oil from steamers directly into the cisterns.

The gasoline cisterns are from 18 to 24 feet wide and from 60 to 75 feet long. On an average they hold about 250,000 gallons.

According to our information, the Loewenberg depot will be surpassed by at least five of the reservoirs now under construction. When they are completed, Germany will possess a reserve of over 300 million gallons of gasoline.

Poem of the Week

FOR MY THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY

Seeing you again after so long not seeing
What shall I say except that I find you changed?
This is not the person I dreamed of, nor this the pattern
Of life planned for you, jealously prearranged.

And this is sad, I say, that so many years of protest
Leave you thus quiet, the heavy dark hair in place
And nothing to speak of power in your light way of speaking
Nothing to speak of tumult in your pretty face.

So this is you, I say; and my eyes reproach you
For being so fashioned a creature of compromise.
But here I stop, recognizing you suddenly, as I dreamed you,
In these drowned, dissatisfied eyes.

—Savila Harvey in *Poetry*

Arts and Letters

Author-Priest on U. S. A.

"An American is a man who wants something." Thus writes Abbé Ernest Dimnet, who believes that he is more interested in America than Americans are. It is hard to refute this statement, for half of the French Abbé's latest book, *My New World*,* is devoted to these United States and its people, whom he calls the happiest on earth.

Abbé Dimnet made his first trip to this country in 1919 after he had emerged from the "factory death" of the World War. He came primarily to garner $100,000 for the reconstruction of the demolished Lille and Louvain universities. Both as mendicant and good-will ambassador he was a huge success: the $100,000 materialized with little difficulty. In the following years he found that annual campaigning for funds in America was exciting and instructive adventure.

Though the French author pays many tributes to America, his Gallic logic is ill at ease with some of the most characteristic aspects of America. He finds that our universities are too self-critical and our high schools too self-satisfied. The daily press, he charges, is a perverter of truth and suggests that the American public close its ears and eyes to the linotype Judas.

Critic's sense of humor

It is possible that the Abbé's pro-American tendencies are responsible for an accelerated and invigorated style very unlike his leisurely *Art of Thinking* that made its debut just ten years ago. Not for a moment, however, is Abbé Dimnet unconscious of the serious aspects of modern life. He has a clear if slightly Francophile view of world politics; he has never once forgotten the horrible drama of 1914 and its consequences.

The diaries of Ernest Dimnet are the most intelligent critical essays on American life to come from a contemporary European. Tolerance and a mature sense of humor are rarely lacking. "Nothing is so recognised in the United States as sex is," and the Abbé is more amused than irritated by this American phenomenon.

To believe that there are no classes in the United States is a gross error. "The lower stratum consists of men who chew tobacco. Above that is the class which chews gum. Higher up are the Americans who do not chew even gum, but who speak of their wives as Mrs. So-and-so. At the top, husbands and wives speak of each other as 'my husband' or 'my wife.'"

My New World is cause for the American populace to expand its chest. It is the first paean sung across the Atlantic in a long time. At last we, the most "debunked" of all nations, have been understood by someone else.

*Simon and Schuster, $2.50
**William Morrow & Co., $2.00

3-in-1 Detective

Detective story writers as a rule have trouble enough with one character as the central figure of their deeps of desperate detection and deeds of derring-do. A. Conan Doyle, the inventor of Sherlock Holmes, even came, in the end, to wish he had never heard of the analytic thinker of the armchair, because the Sherlock Holmes stories were to overshadow the more serious historical novels by which Sir Arthur wished to be remembered by posterity.

H. C. Bailey, the London editorial writer who created the inimitable Reggie Fortune, one of the best modern detective heroes, has lately been experimenting with another hero, and occasionally lets them both operate in one novel. But it has remained for the San Francisco lawyer, Erle Stanley Gardner, to keep three detective heroes going at once. He started off with Perry Mason, the fictional hero being, like his creator, a San Francisco lawyer.

Perry Mason kept always just within the law very successfully for eleven stories. As each story closed, the next client was always waiting. Then Mr. Mason got tired of him and created another hero, Douglas Selby, a young district attorney who detected desperately for exactly one novel.

Now Mr. Mason has a third hero, Terry Clane, world traveler and expert in the mystic lore of the ancient East who, in *Murder Up My Sleeve*,** discovers the truth about the murder of the wicked blackmailer who was shot with the Chinese spring gun, which all our better murderers will in future carry up their sleeves. There's quite enough in it to keep the mystery addict gasping.

All-American Art

The horizon of purely American art has been considerably widened with the recent opening in New York of the first all-American gallery, the American Salon, at 40 East 58th Street.

Letaiyo, an American Indian and a professional artist in his own right, is the founder of the new art center, which is to include much sculpture and painting by the American Indian and Negro. Otherwise known by the American name of Walfred Moore, Letaiyo's first presentation is a one-man exhibit of work from the brush of John Plummer Ludlum.

Portraits and nudes in oil and pastels predominate in works being shown by Mr. Ludlum, who is a young New Yorker, descended from a long line of prominent citizens.

Letaiyo was born in Ouray, Colorado, a community named after his great-grandfather, a famous Hopi Indian. His mother is a Cherokee, and his father is half Irish and half Hopi. Letaiyo attended Rice Institute in Houston, Texas, and is the founder of the Progressive Arts Association of New York.

LETAIYO, Colorado Indian, who is sponsoring the first series of purely American art exhibitions at the American Salon in New York

Topics in the News

Business . Science . Religion . Movies . Theater

BUSINESS: Life insurance in force reaches a new high

SIXTY-FOUR million persons in the United States, or almost every other one, own life insurance policies. Take the face value of the average policy, slightly more than $1700, and multiply it by the 64,000,000 policies in force, and you have the total amount of life insurance outstanding: $110,000,000,000.

This is the largest amount of life insurance ever held by American legal reserve companies. So boasted Gerard S. Nollen, president of the Bankers Life Company (Des Moines), before the recent annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. From a low point of $98,000,000,000 in 1933, life insurance in force has gained continuously. The greatest gain was in the past year—$5,300,000,000.

Moreover these life insurance companies will this year issue $15,000,000,000 in new insurance, $700,000,000 better than 1936; in fact, the best in seven years.

To policyholders they will distribute this year $2,400,000,000. Forty per cent of this will go to beneficiaries of deceased policyholders; 60 per cent to living policyholders. Such division supports the insurance man's claim that life insurance "concerns itself more with the business of living than with that of dying."

Of interest to the financial community is not so much these companies' policies and premiums, rather, their investment portfolios. In a survey of 49 companies (whose assets comprise 92 per cent of association members' total), Michael J. Cleary, president of the Northwestern Mutual, found the following:

Bond investments of these companies amount to $13,500,000,000, or 53.5 per cent of their total assets. Mortgages total 19.3 per cent, or $4,686,000,000. Stocks (mostly preferred and guaranteed) amount to but 2.2 per cent, or $550,000,000.

And these bond investments are distributed as follows: In United States governments, 18.2 per cent of total assets; in foreign governments (chiefly Canadian), 8 per cent; in corporate bonds (chiefly rails and utilities), 27 per cent.

From the preceding year, investments in federal bonds increased $725,000,000; in state and municipal bonds, $124,000,000; in utility bonds, $264,000,000; in railroad bonds, $259,000,000. As to holdings of mortgages, Mr. Cleary stated they now represent about two thirds of the amount held in 1931. This he attributed to the shrinkage in mortgage indebtedness, together with the entrance of the government into the mortgage field.

Making things easier

SANTA CLAUS came early this year to margin-account investors. He came not as a wrinkled old man in red suit and whiskers, but as a prosaic order from the Federal Reserve Board.

After January 1, stock-market customers with undermargined or "restricted" accounts will find it easier to operate in the market. Some taboos restricting their accounts will be relaxed.

Specifically, when one sells securities from his account the entire proceeds need not be made to apply (as at present) toward restoring the margin to its proper level. Instead, 40 per cent may be withdrawn, provided the withdrawal does not increase the ratio of the account's debit balance to the loan value of the securities. Moreover, in making new deposits, one need not put the money into his restricted account to bolster a subnormal margin. He can place it in a special account and trade freely.

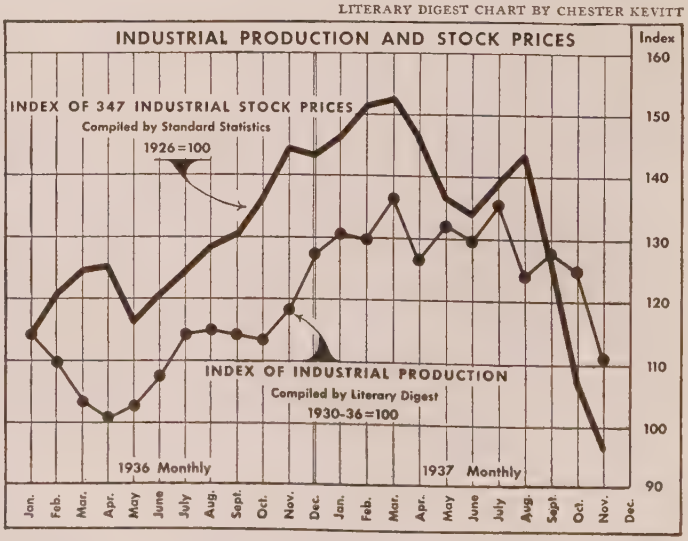
By its action the Reserve Board hopes to discourage the splitting of accounts: i.e., opening another account with a second broker while having a restricted account with a first. The board also hopes to give more freedom of operation.

Gold rumors

"A DEVELOPMENT of importance in world monetary affairs," reports the National City Bank, in its current monthly letter, "is the reversal of the flow of gold and capital that has been coming to the United States from Europe since early in 1934. Also, there has been a changed attitude on the part of the public toward gold. Whereas not more than six months ago hoarders of gold were disgorging their holdings in panic,

	1937			1936
	Nov. 27	Nov. 20	Nov. 13	Nov. 28
STOCK SALES	73	88	130	130
BOND SALES	68	71	87	120
BANK DEBITS—N. Y. CITY	92	93	98	108
DEPOSIT CIRCULATION—N. Y. CITY	104	106	113	103
BANK DEBITS OUTSIDE N. Y. CITY	109	114	119	122
FREIGHT CARLOADINGS	102	104	106	117
BITUMINOUS COAL PRODUCTION	103	106	109	125
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION	140	144	142	123
AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTION	88	99	109	127
ELECTRIC POWER PRODUCTION	125	129	130	124
COTTON FORWARDINGS	112	121	128	143
CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS	128	139	127	141
STEEL PRODUCTION	63	70	77	137
INDEX OF GENERAL BUSINESS	**102**	**106**	**112**	**122**

LITERARY DIGEST CHART BY CHESTER KEVITT



STOCK PRICES FELL faster and farther during September, October, and November than the drop in a relative index—that includes coal, crude oil, automobiles, electric power, cotton, and steel

lest the price should be cut, the past month has seen a new movement to exchange currencies for gold. . . .

"The shift in the balance of payments as between the United States and Europe, and revival of gold hoarding, are related to the fall of security prices and recession of business in this country. Rumors have again been afloat of a possible further devaluation of the dollar, as a means of counteracting the trade recession."

Last week these rumors subsided, for the time being at least. For then the Treasury, in announcing the details of its December financing program, took no action on the country's sterilized gold fund.

But also last week other rumors cropped up concerning dollar devaluation. These arose from a Federal Reserve Board survey of diamond sales in the New York area, which showed sales by wholesalers to have increased 23.8 per cent in October over the same month last year. From this some observers opined that wealthy people were sinking their funds in diamonds as a hedge against possible currency inflation.

SCIENCE: Lethal drugs sold without license

"ELECTRICIANS, plumbers, and steam engineers pursue their respective trades under license. But there is no such control to prevent incompetent drug manufacturers from marketing any kind of lethal potion."

So the Secretary of Agriculture responds to House and Senate resolutions requesting the facts in the case of the recent 70-odd deaths from "Elixir Sulfanilamide." These deaths were the result of diethylene glycol—in which the sulfanilamide was suspended—and *not* of sulfanilamide, itself a valuable drug.

The American Medical Association speaks: "Under the present Food and Drugs Act, or even under any of the food and drug bills now before Congress, there seems to be no provision which would prevent a repetition of this tragedy."

Even so, the Secretary of Agriculture can add far more serious considerations: "Shocking as these instances have been, the actual toll in deaths and permanent injury from potent drugs is probably far less than that resulting from harmless nostrums offered for serious disease conditions. In these the harmful effect is an indirect one. Sick people rely on false curative claims made for worthless concoctions, and thus permit their diseases to progress unchecked."

Thus it is amazing to note that today tens of thousands of physicians, the country over, are embattled concerning the development of novel government agencies for "socializing" medicine—before they have moved noteworthily toward lifting a natural government function to a wise and effective plane. This "lift" is tragically needed. Our government drug-regulations and their enforcement are still on the plane of moronic farce.

New drugs can be distributed before tests have shown them to be safe. Unprohibited, a manufacturer can, by unscientific labels, give fatal directions for the administration of dangerous drugs. Labels are not required to bear directions for safe use, or warnings against probable misuse, including overdosage, use in diseases where the drug is deadly, danger of drug-addiction. Who can say what disasters are afoot? The late "elixir" is by no means all of the story. Dangerous drugs are being sold carelessly. Against such sale not even a trivial charge of violation of law can be made.

Wise drug-regulation may mean as much to the common health as the realization of the most sanguine hopes of socialized medicine.

WILL THEY BE HENS, or roosters? Dr. Willard P. Funk says that he can tell, with his queer-looking machine. Further, he says that he can change a newly laid egg's sex. Too many chickens now are roosters. Dr. Funk, formerly of the University of Michigan, developed the invention on his ranch near Los Angeles

SOIBELMAN

RELIGION: A British chaplain and his communist island

A SHORT, chubby, youngish man with an ecclesiastical collar and stock hurried along Cape Town's streets last week, making last-minute purchases before embarking for the world's loneliest spot. His destination was Tristan da Cunha, a British speck of island in the South Atlantic between Cape Town and Buenos Aires.

Resident chaplain and virtual dictator since 1934, the Rev. Harold Wilde had "come out" in March to raise money for supplies, attend the coronation, and gain royal approval of a five-year-plan to aid the 183 persons forming the tiny colony. In all three he achieved success, and now he rushed orders for salt, nails, glass, and tools, hoping to catch a Norwegian boat to Tristan in time for Christmas.

In thatch-roofed cottages Tristan's people unquestionably await the chaplain's return with wild speculation. Ever since March, when the British warship *Carlisle* carried him away, the chief topic of conversation undoubtedly has been: What is Britain's sudden interest in us?

First inkling that the mother country was up to something came in February, when the *Carlisle* steamed in from Simon's Town, the Cape naval base. This time the captain did not implore the colony to give up its foolish fight for life on the rock and repair to more hospitable shores. Scientists aboard scurried up the 7640-foot extinct volcano and other experts combed the 21 miles of the island's circumference, tugging rolled maps and instruments along. In the roadstead off Edinburgh, the "capital," radio operators tinkered with keys, dials, and antennae.

Tristan could not escape the import of this strange business for long. The *Carlisle* had arrived to bring the island into the orbit of Britain's new imperial defense resulting from Italy's threat in the Mediterranean.

Britain's sea lords had noted that cruise and other ships were reporting extraordinary radio receptivity at Tristan. Faraway points came in crystal clear. One romantic skipper had nicknamed the place "Whispering Isle." The *Carlisle* experts confirmed these observations, and are understood to have recommended a huge radio station at Tristan operated by hydroelectric power from the lake atop the volcanic peak. It was said, too, that conditions were ideal for a naval seaplane base.

Deserted by trade, this territorial orphan of the empire boasted in the middle of the last century as many as 60 to 70 American whaling ships in its roadstead

PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD

ON TRISTAN DA CUNHA there are still stone houses with thatched roofs, as on the Scottish Highlands, which recall the fact that a Scots corporal started the present colony in 1817. Its capital, furthermore, is called Edinburgh

THE REV. HAROLD WILDE, chaplain and virtual dictator of Britain's tiny island colony of Tristan da Cunha

at one time. Today a ship may stop once a year, for trade routes have changed.

The island was discovered in 1506 by Tristão da Cunha, Portuguese admiral, and thereafter forgotten for 300 years. It emerged in 1812 as a base for American sloops in the second war with England. A Salem buccaneer, Jonathan Lambert, once claimed the isle as his own. In 1815 the British annexed and garrisoned it, to prevent possible use to Napoleon for escape from St. Helena — 1320 miles away.

When the garrison was withdrawn in 1817 a Scots corporal, William Glass, and his wife elected to stay, along with two ex-navy men and three shipwrecked sailors. For wives colored girls were imported from Africa. Glass ruled as virtual dictator until he died in 1853.

Tristan, of only 16 square miles, never was a paradise from an economic viewpoint. From the first it has been little less unsuitable for habitation than its two sister isles of Inaccessible and Nightingale, abandoned to penguin and albatross. If the land did not entirely starve the colonists, the sea reached out to grab them. In 1885 nearly every able-bodied male was drowned trying to board a visiting ship in a storm. Rats dumped by a derelict vessel made cereal crops impossible, and at times have driven the islanders almost into the water.

In other respects Tristan is a Utopia; in fact, it is the only real communist community on earth. There is no prison, criminal code, or police. Money does not exist. Clothing is homespun, with a buttonhole flower to dignify Sunday garb. Eternal spring gives oldsters a youthful energy. Potatoes and fish are the staple diet, and strong drink is unknown. Morals are as high as in Chaplain Wilde's former Lincoln parish. Although the birth-rate is falling, there appear to be no real ill effects from intermarriage, which somehow confounds geneticists. So completely cut off from other people's woes is Tristan that news of the World War did not arrive until two years after it was over.

Everybody works in the family potato patch or at fishing, from dawn until dusk. At season's end taxes are paid with a few potato seedlings for the common storehouse. Long before Mussolini twisted the British lion's tail, Chaplain Wilde was mapping plans to make Tristan secure economically for years to come. Since only part of the island is fertile he established a branch colony on Inaccessible, run by thirteen "young pioneers," which sounds like Europe's year-plans.

Chaplain Wilde finds his spiritual task comparatively easy, for Tristan islanders are noted for their piety. Their entire communal life centers about St. Mary the Virgin, a wooden church which has taken nearly 50 years to build. There the padre, after services, gives directions for the week's work and reads from an old newspaper as the oldsters sit like Puritans, their children sprawled on the floor. His house, too, is their own. It serves at times as a two-bed hospital. It is the scene of weekly concerts and monthly dances to the music of a phonograph given by King George V. Mr. Wilde is taking back a radio, which will be operated by a windmill.

Chaplain Wilde represents the Crown and the Church of England, but he does not always have the last word. He shares his rule with shrewd glum-faced Mrs. Frances Repetto, who has twenty grandchildren and one great-grandchild. She is Headwoman, or chief of the Council of Women. Her son, William Peter, a huge-framed fellow with gorilla-like arms, is Headman of the Council of Men. The two groups form the Congress of the island. Her favorite pastime is to lounge on the cliffs and gaze for hours out to sea. Visitors call her Queen, and say she has the natural grace of one. To them she likes to show the harmonium Queen Mary sent her and the butter-churn Queen Elizabeth presented recently.

MOVIES: Fredric March becomes a star reporter

IF THERE IS even a tarnished tatter left to New York City since *Nothing Sacred* bobbed up its impish, excoriating head, the tatter is so well hidden that it won't be of any practical comfort. For this is the David O. Selznick Technicolor satire penned by that expert vitriol peddler, Ben Hecht.

New York presumably had this coming, and Mr. Hecht—whose *Front Page* for years rolled every theater audience into the aisles—has taken the world's greatest metropolis for the greatest and funniest ride of its career. Every bit of its far-famed glamor is opened up and chewed to bits.

Nothing Sacred stars Carole Lombard, Fredric March, and Walter Connolly. It is the season's tops, so far, in brittle, sparkling, witty farce.

The story concerns one Hazel Flagg, a young Vermont maiden doomed to die of radium poisoning. A New York newspaper, a regular harpy when it comes to circulation building, sends its star reporter to fetch her down for her last six weeks. The city is scheduled to collapse in a body at the feet of America's sweetheart while the world waits with tragic, bated breath for the last moments of the greatest little heroine since Joan of Arc.

The joker is that Hazel doesn't really have radium poisoning. The first diagnosis

KNOCKOUTS ARE SCORED by both Carole Lombard and Fredric March in *Nothing Sacred,* and they nurse swollen jaws. Walter Connolly looks on

was wrong, but she and her doctor keep the secret so they can plunge delightedly into the "drink for we know not whence we come nor why" festivities. Who would expect a young lass to be truthful when it means giving up a trip to New York under auspices that would turn the Nizam of Hyderabad green with envy? So the paper puts one over on its rivals—and on the city, the mayor, the governor, the universe. And all the while Hazel, healthy as a young colt, is putting over a peacherino on the paper. In the end the awful truth pops out and hell breaks loose. Meantime, everything happens that can happen in New York.

Before you know it, Fredric March, in the role of star reporter, is telling Hazel (Miss Lombard) that his editor (Walter Connolly) is "a cross between a Ferris wheel and a werewolf." At a wrestling match he explains how everyone is a fake, "even those grapplers—the only square thing about them is the ring. . . . All making good over your poor little pain-racked body." Whereupon the announcer interrupts the bout with the request that everybody observe ten seconds of silence, since Miss Flagg is in the audience. At an overwhelmingly sumptuous night club the master of ceremonies asks "the little soldier whose heroic smile in the face of death has wrung cheers and tears from the great stone heart of the city" to take the stage in the finale of his "Heroines of History" act.

Selznick has scored another proof of his ability. Like his *A Star Is Born, Nothing Sacred* is a highly original piece in which the Technicolor is fine and treated as if it belonged, rather than as something to be handled with kid gloves. William Wellman's direction is masterful.

Walter Connolly as the paper's editor and Charles Winninger as the country doctor are the real professionals, packing their characters with more shades of humor than even the author could have imagined. March and Lombard are good, of course, though they have to play straight and the love interest is swamped by Mr. Hecht's tirade against the ways of 1937 *homo sapiens,* urban variety. In fact the romance seems just as phony as the rest of the goings on.

THEATER: A completely satisfying American play

A GREAT PLAY has reached Broadway—a play of lowly, cast-off men, whose stark emotions have tamed testy critics and tired audiences into stunned reverence. It is the dramatization of John Steinbeck's best seller, *Of Mice and Men.* The millions whom the novel hypnotized have but one question: Does the play make George and Lennie and their friends real with the mighty brutality and overpowering tenderness of the book? It does.

The hulking, stupid, well-meaning brute, Lennie, creates the situation in his first speeches. "Guys like us," he observes to George, "guys like us what work on ranches are the loneliest guys in the world. They got no family. They don't belong no place."

Then, breaking off with the look of a trusting animal, he says: "With us it ain't like that. We got a future. We got somebody who gives a damn about us. An' why? Because I got you to look after me and you got me to look after you, and that's why."

The tone is set. With that Mr. Steinbeck and his actors proceed relentlessly to unfold the tragedy of loneliness that errs unwittingly in its immense craving for affection. Lennie wants love and beauty so desperately that he takes a field mouse and the stroking of his giant hands kills it. Lennie loves the warmth of young animals, so he nestles a puppy until his caresses choke it. Lennie worships beauty in women, and it is natural to him to run his hands through a woman's silken hair. But she (the boss's son's wife, played by Claire Luce) is a harlot. When she screams, suspecting the usual thing, her screams terrify him. He tries to keep her quiet. Lennie is a big and stupid man. He doesn't know his small gesture has crushed her to death.

This is the point toward which the play drives mercilessly. George, Lennie's small, smart friend who has always cared for him and gotten him out of scrapes, has but one course. He spares Lennie a vengeful lynching by shooting him in the back while he talks happily of the rabbit farm George has promised to get them. A rock would crack at that scene.

The scenes take place in and around a California ranch. Men come when there is work, move on to the next spot when the job is done. Their language is lusty and forthright, but never obscene. In the words of Richard Watts, Jr., New York *Herald Tribune* critic, "there is no line in it that does not possess the true ring of authenticity." It is a play for adults, not for children or bigots seeking the secret thrill of naughty words.

A fair share of praise goes to the versatile and prodigious George S. Kaufman, for his directing. He has stressed every chance for realism. Wallace Ford, once of Hollywood and *The Informer,* fires George with the deep and unaccountable friendship which caused him to waste his life protecting Lennie. The robust, kindly mule skinner, the disillusioned Negro who reads books in the barn because the whites won't have him, and particularly Candy (played by John F. Hamilton) are fine and moving characterizations. Broderick Crawford, son of the famed comedienne, Helen Broderick, takes what must be the most difficult acting assignment in recent years, as Lennie, and makes it a creation of stature. There would be no play if Lennie lost the affection of the audience.

The author, John Steinbeck, at thirty-five, lives in California with his wife. As a boy he worked on ranches with these very tramp laborers. He came to New York in 1920 as a reporter, ended up carrying bricks, and went back west to be a watchman.

Of Mice and Men has been justly described as "the first completely satisfying American play of the season."

Two disappointing plays

THE Theatre Guild has presented its subscribers with numbers three and four on the season's schedule. Unfortunately, value has not been received. Sidney Howard's *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle* is not the happy result of a promising young playwright thinking in terms of the next war. Critics branded it confused and heavy, a play of inaction and

not too significant talk. Mr. Howard is one of our more thoughtful theater men and devotes himself to problems of world-wide importance without the stigma of propaganda. This current venture of the Theater Guild marks the return of Ethel Barrymore to the stage after announced retirement. Critics, possibly out of respect to a great theater tradition, praised her performance.

Madame Bovary, adapted from Flaubert's novel by Gaston Baty and Benn Levy, promised to be an event. Critics' opinions rated it dull, a prettily stuffed museum piece with a few of Flaubert's scenes and none of his fire. The characters are there in name, the story is there as far as events are concerned, but it bears no other resemblance to a masterpiece of literature. Constance Cummings, in the title role, earned left-handed praise, as giving her most dramatic performance in a play that keeps her from being a real success.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WE AMERICANS can't be bothered now with helping to save other countries. The year 1940 is just around a couple of corners, and we must prepare for the quadrennial saving of our own country. —*Omaha World-Herald.*

America is a great, wide, rich continent where everybody wants something from the government besides government. —*Dallas News.*

The President and the Vice President both had a toothache the same week, one of the few instances in history where a Vice President was allowed to feel that he was not an inferior.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

Maybe youth must be served. But three best-selling authors, a first magnitude film star, and two eminent concert pianists, all under 13 years, are adequately serving themselves.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The opinion of a French publicist that the democratic nations will be closer in the next war should find a ready response in the minds of those who think the old U.S.A. wasn't close enough in the last one.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

A surgeon in New York is going to broadcast a hospital operation. Ordinarily that is left to the patient to do.—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Sun.*

With the President talking about reducing taxes and cutting down expenses, it looks as if the New Deal zest for trying anything new is still unabated.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Mr. Roosevelt wishes that everybody would start building things. He seems to think more bricks should be laid and fewer thrown.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

Rags make paper; paper makes money; money makes banks; banks make loans; loans make poverty; poverty makes rags. —*Elkhorn (Wis.) Independent.*

Roosevelt says: "The government of the United States is not going broke." It's us, not the U.S., that we worry about. —*Erie (Pa.) Dispatch-Herald.*

Mr. Morgenthau recommends reducing expenditure. Henry foresees that if government keeps on spending, there will be no treasury for him to be secretary of. —*Dallas News.*

H. G. Wells says there is no danger of Mr. Roosevelt becoming a dictator. Probably not. He smiles too often.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

BRUTE, HARLOT, and the brute's friend, in the season's most satisfying play, ***Of Mice and Men.*** **Later the well-meaning giant inadvertently crushes her to death**

VANDAMM

FOR THE RECORD

MAGAZINES, *newspapers, and writers make strange errors. Some are ludicrous; some are simply errors in fact. Send in those you run across in any publication—even in this magazine. For each one it reprints, the* LITERARY DIGEST *will pay two dollars.*

H. C. of Women—The boys stood there, wide-eyed. The bandit handed each of them a dame, "Now, scram," he said. One boy demanded a quarter.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

18, 19, 20, 21—Of the groups who built the Anti-Saloon League of America into a great political machine, only to see it die with the passage of the 20th amendment (Repeal) . . .—*Time.*

On a 60-Day Note?—I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, hereby designate Thursday, the 25th day of September, 1937, as a day of National Thanksgiving.—*Louisville Times.*

R.I.P.—Hope: Repeal of undisturbed-earning tax and drastic modification of capital-gains taxes.—*Newsweek.*

Norman Conquest—Lowell Thomas will address Falls Forum. Socialist party leader to speak.—*Headline in Buffalo Courier-Express.*

The 365-Hour Day—The United States' stake in the knotty international game to collect the war debts is $12,556,000,000, or more than sufficient to offset the New Deal's tremendous outlays for recovery and relief during the past four days.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Good Catch—A Thanksgiving basketball is to be given to a needy family.—*Gloversville (N.Y.) Leader-Republican.*

New Type Hangar—The plane came rapidly out of the fox at about a hundred miles an hour—*N.Y. Herald Tribune.*

Those Speed-Mad Britons—England will shortly have 100-mile-a-minute express trains.—*Denver Post.*

Ponce de Leon—Chief of Police Austin J. Roche today read a mother's letter to the Sacramento Police Department thanking them for their coöperation in finding and returning her lost youth.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Ducal Plea—Windsors Dropped by Social Register—But Wife Says She'll Stick by Husband; He Claims Self Defense—*Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer-Journal.*

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Come-back—All the waiters at Schrafft's, according to the legend, are college men. They are schooled all over again in the art of serving patrons, particularly about watching their p's, q's and usage of the broad A. The other night one of these model young men was waiting on a table of six people, most of whom preferred burnt-almond ice cream. The waiter gave the word "almond" the approved Schrafft class, pronouncing it "ah-mahnd." . . . This drew titters and a guffaw or two from the customers, one of whom kept asking him to say it again. The waiter flushed slightly and made no comment. He had his revenge later. As they got up to go, he gave one the check and said: "Tanks!" —Walter Winchell in *Boston Record.*

Efficiency—"How about two of them?" asked the druggist of the man who was buying a toothbrush. "One for your wife?"

"No, thanks. When I buy a new one, I always give her the old one."

He paused while several other customers in the store gasped, and then he added: "She uses it to clean her shoes."—F. C. C. in Emporia Gazette.

Tried and True—What lines get the greatest laughs for comedies? . . . Groucho Marx says one of their greatest yells arose in *I'll Say She Is* . . . where he, as Napoleon, said to Josephine, "You're as true as a $3 cornet." . . . I put the same question to Burns and Allen. . . . They said their greatest laugh came from a gag they used to do in vaudeville about ten years ago. . . . Gracie set it up by saying, "My sister put in a new swimming pool last night, and we had more fun diving." George: "Yeah, that's great sport." Gracie: "We'll have even more fun tomorrow when they put in the water."—Ed Sullivan in *Chicago Tribune.*

Self-Sufficient—He was sitting at the bar, downing one after another and laughing boisterously. Every so often, as he mumbled to himself, he would hold up his hand in protest. Finally the bartender's curiosity got the better of him. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm telling myself jokes," was the reply. "But why the hand in the air?" "Oh, that's when I stop me if I've heard it."—Pelican.

Subtlety—Voice over phone: "Pop, guess who just got kicked out of college."—Los Angeles Collegian.

On the Button—Two barristers were engaged in a heated argument. Finally one exclaimed: "Is there any case so low, so utterly shameful and crooked that you would refuse it?"

"I don't know," replied the other pleasantly. "What have you been up to now?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Why Cops Get Gray—It happened in Chicago: At a busy corner a traffic officer saw an old lady beckon to him. He held up two dozen cars, trucks and taxicabs to get to her side and inquire, "What is it, ma'am?" The old lady smiled and put her hand on his arm. "Officer," she said in a soft voice, "I just want to tell you that your number is the number of my favorite hymn."—Neal O'Hara in New York Post.

Another Language—"Bring me a plate of hash," said the diner.

The waiter walked over to the kitchen elevator. "Gent wants to take a chance," he called down the speaking tube.

"I'll have some hash, too," said a second customer.

The waiter picked up the tube again. "Another sport," he yelled.—*The Garment Worker.*

Manifest Destiny—We think we know what becomes of little boys who tell lies. They get jobs in the claim department of a fighting army.—Senator Soaper in *Los Angeles Times.*

Experience—Wife: "Dear, I saw the sweetest little hat downtown today."

Husband: "Put it on; let's see how you look in it."—Grit.

Simple—"You say you never have a quarrel with your wife?"

"Never. She goes her way and I go hers."—*Stewart-Warnerite.*

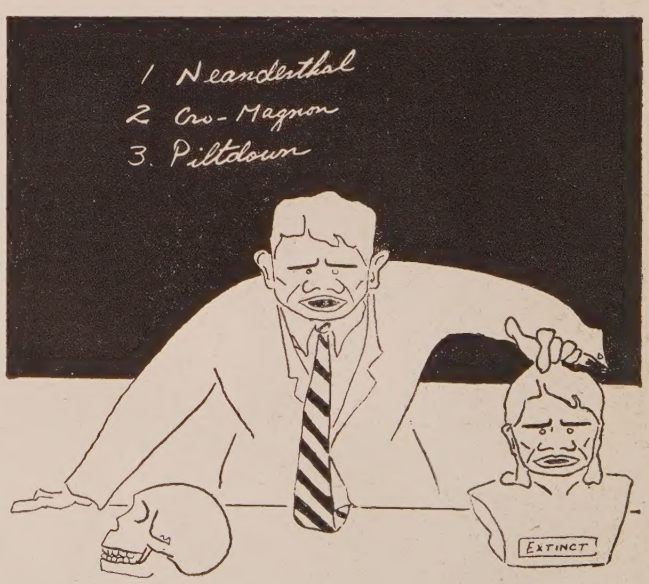
Touching—The Scotsman had lost a pound note. Sadly he entered the advertisement office of the local newspaper and handed in the notice he wanted inserted in the "Lost and Found" column.

The clerk read: "Lost, a £ note. Sentimental value."—*Sarnia Observer.*

Enough Said—Counsel (to the police witness): "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he is drunk."

Policeman: "No, sir, it does not. But this one was trying to roll up the white line."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Brass Tacks—Gregory Ratoff tells about the scenario writer who rushed into a producer's office and said: "I've got a great story for a picture. The hero and heroine are having dinner when a shadow is seen in the room. Then . . ." The producer interrupted and asked: "Who's the shadow?" . . . "Wait a minute," answered the writer, "that's the story. . . . The hero and heroine go into their bedroom and the shadow looms across the room. Then . . ." Again the producer interrupted and said: "Who's the shadow? I'm paying the guy a salary and I want to know."—Sidney Skolsky in *New York Daily Mirror.*



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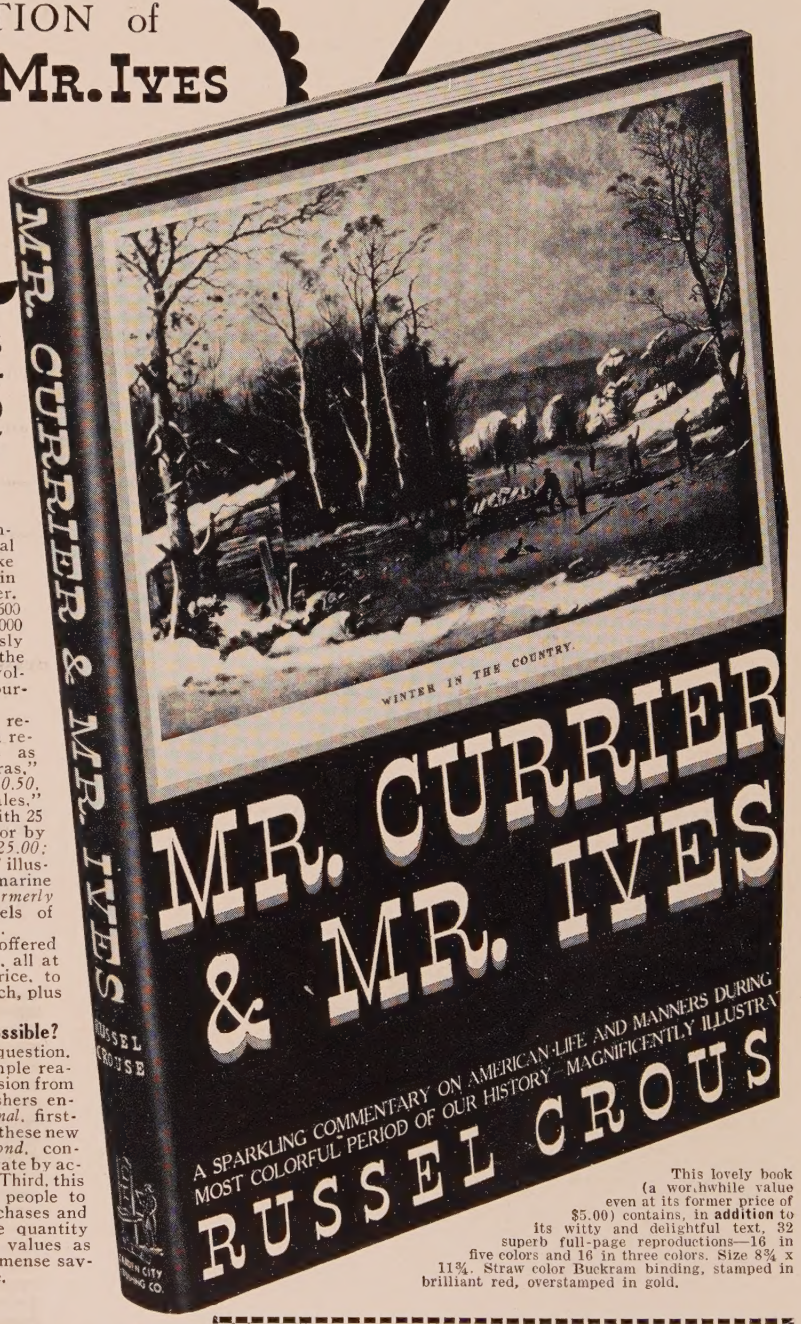
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